

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AT HOME.

Histoire de la Vie Politique et Privée de Louis Philippe. Par A. DUMAS. Paris, 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE author of this book is one of those persons who reminds us of the old proverb which says, "Save us from our friends." He was a protégé of the house of Orleans, began life under the patronage of the prince whose private career he professes to lay open to the public, and was the familiar friend of the younger scions of the family. It is the writer's opinion that the dynasty of Orleans has ceased to reign, and that it has fallen never to rise again. The book is written under this conviction, the influence of which is visible in every page. Louis Philippe accordingly comes in for very much of the treatment which the dead lion received at the hoofs of the vivacious ass. He is "shown up" in dishabille as well as in court dress. Suetonius has been the model of the author, but the latter has not imitated him in brevity. M. Dumas is ungratefully descriptive on a very large scale. He has an intensely contemptuous hatred for his old benefactor, exceeded by nothing but his comically intense hatred of England, and he is considerably wicked when he deems himself only witty.

It is not our intention to follow the author through the political portion of his biography. The public life of Louis Philippe is tolerably well known. His private life, of course, is less so, and it is of Louis Philippe "at home" that we would speak, taking M. Dumas for our authority. The daguerreotype likeness he has drawn of the citizen king is probably correct, but it is supereminently disagreeable. Acknowledgment of this fact involves no praise of the artist.

When Louis Philippe (born in 1773) was five years of age, Madame de Genlis was residing in his father's house under a triple title—she was lady in waiting to his mother, the governess of his sister, and the mistress of his father. The latter ultimately surrendered all his children to the care of Madame de Genlis, who had, indeed, half in jest, half in earnest, solicited the trust. The consent of the king had of course to be gained. His majesty was not inexorable. "Governor or governess," said he, "make what you like of her;" and he added, as he turned away, "Happily the Count d'Artois has children," who, as it may be confessed parenthetically, were less carefully instructed than Louis Philippe and his brothers and sisters. The courage and the patience which were remarkable in the late King of the French were instilled into him by the governess, whom he "passionately loved," and whose place in his heart was far above that awarded to his own neglected mother.

Madame de Genlis gave her pupils, or caused them to receive, a highly practical instruction—a course by which Louis Philippe was influenced even till the last days he passed at Claremont. It was sometimes dramatic as well as practical. For

instance; there was at Mont St. Michel an immense wooden cage. It had been built expressly on the order of Louis XIV. That sensitive monarch had been offended at some rather stringent comments made upon his conduct by a poor Dutch editor, to seize whom he violated the territory of Holland, and, having got possession of his prey, he flung the awe-stricken political writer into this monstrous prison, where the captive existed during eighteen years in darkness, damp, and constraint, and at length died, as shattered in mind as in body.

The pupils of Madame de Genlis were making an educational tour in 1788, and in the course of their wayfaring they reached Mont St. Michel.

They arrived about eleven o'clock in the evening, and, as they were expected, the fort was illuminated and the convent bells set in motion. . . . The prior and a dozen of the brethren received the princes at the foot of the four hundred steps which lead to the convent. . . . In the middle of supper Madame de Genlis, instigated by signs made to her by her pupils, touched upon the famous question of the iron cage. Thereon the prior explained to the marchioness that with the iron cage there was the same misapprehension as with the iron mask. The iron mask was of velvet, and the iron cage was of wood. But though a wooden, it was not the less a solid cage, composed of enormous beams, with interstices of only three or four fingers' breadth between them. "Moreover," added the prior, "this cage, which has become almost useless to us, gives a bad reputation to the convent; and I have formed the resolution to destroy it." This was a fine opportunity for Madame de Genlis to display the philanthropical education she had imparted to her pupils; she met the expression of the prior's resolve by requesting him to make a solemnity of the destruction. The ceremony was arranged for the following day.

The next day the descent was made, with some pomp, into the dungeon. Madame de Genlis was at the head of her four pupils, the prior at the head of his twelve monks. The gaolers presided over their five or six prisoners, to whom permission had been accorded to witness the ceremony. . . . The famous cage was surrounded; then a carpenter, advancing, presented an axe to the young Duke de Chartres (Louis Philippe), who struck the first blow, exclaiming—"In the name of humanity, I destroy this cage!" The carpenters did the rest. But, alas! as there is no circumstance in the world which has not its sombre side for some one, so here was there a man who looked on with tears in his eyes as the famous cage began to fall to pieces. The Duke de Chartres marked his sorrow, and asked why it was excited. "Monseigneur," said the man, "I am the porter of the abbey, and I drew great profits from the cage, which I used to show to travellers as I told them the story of the Hollander and his fate. With its destruction comes my ruin." "True," answered the duke; "and I owe you an indemnity. Here are ten louis, and henceforward, instead of showing the cage to travellers, you can show them the spot where it used to be."

From 1787 M. Dumas passes suddenly to the year 1830, and, *à propos* to the cage, remarks:—

In 1830, the Duke de Chartres, then Louis Philippe the first, received a deputation from the city of

Avranches. In the midst of the congratulations offered upon his accession to the throne, there was interpolated a reminiscence of the act, then forty-two years old. The king replied to the compliment with the facility which was natural to him; and he added, "I thank you for reminding me of a happy circumstance in my life. I there, indeed, gave proof of my love for liberty, and of my hatred for despotism, inspired by the sight of that terrific rock."

Alas, sire! (exclaims the author, over the grave of the dead king), would you not have regarded him as a false prophet who should have said at that moment, "Oh, popular king! it is you who will open this convent; it is you who will repeople these dungeons; and the sound of groans and complaining which you will cause to arise therein, from 1833 to 1848, will drown forever the noise of the fall of the famous axe which you wielded in 1788."

It was not long after that Madame de Genlis took her eldest pupil to witness, if not otherwise share in, another act of destruction. Mistress and scholars were amusing themselves with private theatricals in the chateau of St. Leu, when news reached them that the people were pulling down the Bastille. The strong-minded instructress immediately suspended the performance, ordered the carriage, jumped into it with the now tall and graceful boy, who "passionately" loved her, and drove straightway to the residence of Beaumarchais. From the windows of the house the young duke saw the downfall of the sombre stronghold of Charles the Fifth. He clapped his hands at the spectacle, laughed aloud, and exhibited such noisy demonstrations of satisfaction, that even Madame de Genlis, who was in reality as ecstatic as himself, counselled him to give method to the madness of his mirth.

The young prince, as is well known, surrendered his titles, as his father had done, became a *sans culotte*, accepted humble offices in the assembly of the Jacobins, and wrote to Madame de Genlis that there were but two things in the world he supremely loved, namely, "the new constitution and you!" At the same moment he wrote to his mother that he could only dine with her twice a week. The ardent Jacobin was growing ashamed of his royal parent! The very epithet which was hers by right of nature he gave to his father's mistress. "Oh, my mother!" he writes (applying the word to Madame de Genlis), "Oh, my mother, how do I bless you for having preserved me from all these evils by inspiring me with those sentiments of religion wherein alone is my strength!"

We pass over these well-known incidents, wherein we see the young duke fighting gallantly for the Republic at Valmy and Jemappes; flying from it with Dumouriez, refusing (by calculation rather than by patriotism, as Dumas seems to think) to take service under the Austrians against France, wandering through Switzerland under the name of Corby, an Englishman, rejoining his sister, separating from her, and, finally, as M. Chabaud Latour, becoming usher in an academy at Reichenau, at sixty pounds a-year. He subsequently gave up his tutorship, travelled through Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland, and at length set sail from Hamburg for the United States, on the 24th September, 1796; and arrived at Philadelphia on the 21st of the following month. He was speedily joined by his brothers, the dukes of Montpensier and Beaujolais. In January, 1800, the exiles returned to Europe, landing at Falmouth. It is not till April, 1808, that we find any incident

worth recording, and which is not already well known. In that month, however, Louis Philippe, writing to Dumouriez, acknowledges (and the letter is still extant) that though born a French prince, he is by necessity, principle, opinion, and habit, a thorough Englishman. To show it, he intimated to Canning that it was the interest of England to prevent the French from getting possession of the Ionian Islands, and that he, the Duke of Orleans, was ready to take command of an expedition for that purpose, if the British government was disposed to put trust in him! His expressed hatred of Bonaparte at this period was unmeasured, and it was only by the intervention of England that he did not appear in arms against the troops of the usurper in Spain. He found consolation for the lucky disappointment in marrying the Princess Maria Amelia of Naples, on the 25th December, 1809. He soon after repaired to the Spanish peninsula, intending once more to take arms against the French. Happily for him, England a second time objected to his exercising a command. He returned to Sicily, where again he found consolation for disappointment in the son that was there born to him in November, 1810. He continued for some years seeking for military employment and reviling Bonaparte, for whom, he said, he entertained as much hatred as contempt. At length came 1814, and the downfall of the empire.

He departed from Palermo, accompanied by a single servant, and arrived in Paris early in May. He alighted incognito at a hotel in the Rue Grange Bateliere, and on the very instant, without waiting to change his dress, so powerful is the attraction of "home," he proceeded on foot through the Rue de Richelieu to the Palais Royal. He entered the garden, crossed and recrossed it, and then passing through the Cour des Colonnes, arrived at the open gate in front of the great staircase. The Duke of Orleans hurried into the hall, and, in spite of the opposition of the porter, who took him for a madman, rushed to the staircase, but ere he ascended he fell upon his knees, and, bursting into a flood of tears, kissed the first step before him. Then only did the porter begin to comprehend that this stranger was, at once, the old and the new master.

One of his first visits was to her whom he had been wont to call his true mother and his only friend. Madame de Genlis evidently knew that the Orleans tradition, namely of supplanting the elder Bourbons, to whom Louis Philippe of Orleans had himself sworn homage, had not been forgotten by her pupil. "Oh, it's you!" was the tart welcome now given him by the mature lady. "It is you, is it? Well, I hope you have at last given up all idea of becoming a king!" The duke, we are told, replied by an equivocal gesture that was neither negative nor affirmative. But he was a man who could compass his own ends with, out betraying himself; and he was already provided for the future when the elder Bourbons were thinking but of the past. "The manner," says Lafayette, "in which the Duke of Orleans asked me after my son, whom he had met in the United States, induced me to call upon him. He warmly acknowledged my visit, probably bearing in mind my old quarrels with his branch of the family. He spoke of the times of proscription, of the community of our opinions, of his regard for myself—and all this in terms far too superior to the prejudices of his family for me not to recognize in him the only Bourbon compatible with a free con-

stitution." M. Dumas naturally asks, after noticing this passage, if the words which then passed between the duke and his visitor were not the first seeds from which sprung in 1830 the "best of republics."

Had Napoleon not disembarked at Cannes there is good reason for believing that an attempt would have been made to dethrone Louis XVIII. and put Louis Philippe in his place. The latter awaited at Twickenham the issue of Waterloo, and, when that again opened to him the gates of his palace, he became at once so confirmed a leader of the opposition in the Chamber of Peers that Louis XVIII. withdrew from the French princes the privilege granted them of sitting in the senate.

His intimacy with Lafitte became closer after the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, against whose legitimacy he made protest in the Morning Chronicle, denied the protest to the king, and republished it in 1830, when his partisans were placarding the streets with assurances that he was not a Bourbon but a Valois! Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of him at Lafitte's:—

"When I am king," said the duke to Lafitte—"of course it is a mere dream; but, however, when I am king, what shall I do for you?" "Let me be the king's fool," said Lafitte, "that I may be privileged to tell him all sorts of truth." "It will be charming," said Louis Philippe.

And again—

One day, the duke, half reclining on a sofa at Lafitte's house, the confidential banker at his side, exclaimed, "If ever I become king, and you could imagine that ambition or personal interest led me to accept the office, I should feel sincere regret. My happiness would be in rendering France the most free country in the world. People, my dear Lafitte, hate kings simply because kings have deceived them." Turning to Manuel, he added, as if in doubt about himself, and with that significant smile which was peculiar to him, "After all, if you really do carry me to the throne, you will be asses if you do not take every precaution by fettering me."

The duke knew how to "bide his time," and he reached greatness all the sooner by waiting for it patiently. In the mean time his own legitimacy was attacked by the temporarily famous Maria Stella in 1824. The lady asserted that she was the child of Egalité, that Louis Philippe was the son of the Italian gaoler Chiappani, and that, of course, the children had been exchanged for political purposes. The duke answered her pamphlet himself, and Dumas (then a young clerk in one of the offices attached to his household) was employed to write it from his patron's dictation.

For the first time I found myself in his presence. In his family and household relations there was nothing imposing about him; but, on the other hand, it was impossible to be more smiling, more affable, or of more graceful humor. One might have taken him for a clever banker on the day of the success of some great speculation. On receiving me, he encouraged me by voice and gesture; seeing that my hand trembled a little, he pointed to a table, and, before employing me on the special business which had gained for me this princely interview, he directed me to fold and seal the letters which were lying there. He had something of the schoolmaster about him. He loved to teach. By demonstration he could establish his superiority even in little things. Let me add that he could demonstrate well, and generally joined example to precept. The Duke of Orleans knew, if not every thing, at least a little of everything. On this par-

ticular day he taught me how to fold envelopes, and apply seals. If the duke had pretensions to being a good teacher, I have that of being a good scholar. Awkward enough on the day of my first lesson, I became ultimately very expert in the matter of envelopes of all forms, and was particularly dexterous in sealing, a matter of more difficulty than is imagined, and to which the Duke of Orleans, a man of neatness and order, attached great importance. So must I avow, in all humility of soul, that it was the only thing he regretted in me when, on his becoming king, I resigned my office. "How!" he exclaimed, "going away! he leaves me! What a pity! he was so clever at sealing letters!" But, to return to the day when I commenced my apprenticeship. The duke, perfectly affable, as he always was, began dictating to me. What he dictated formed a complete refutation, perfectly logical in every sense, of all the assertions made by the Baroness of Sternberg. In the midst of his proofs of legitimacy he came to this phrase: "And though there were only the striking resemblance between the Duke of Orleans and his august ancestor Louis XIV."—I was not so strong in history as I have since become, so that the circumstance of the duke claiming Louis XIV. for his great-grandfather made me, in spite of myself, look up. He noticed my surprise; and with a smile, accompanied by a slight contraction of the brow, he added, "Yes, Dumas, his august ancestor Louis XIV. To descend from Louis XIV. only through his bastards is, in my eyes at least, an honor sufficiently great to be worth boasting of."

So that, when Thiers and Lafitte wished to make out that Louis Philippe was a Valois and not a Bourbon, he himself was ignorant of the particular greatness which they wished to thrust upon him.

M. Dumas describes Louis Philippe as regulating with scrupulous minuteness the "tariff" of his children's meals. If applications were made to him to subscribe to some charitable purpose he would upon impulse give or promise largely. If however any time intervened between the promise and the payment, the generosity had undergone a modification, and the interested persons who surrounded him found little difficulty in persuading him that he had promised beyond what was right, and must only perform according to desert. The subscription then paid in generally bore little proportion with the magnificence of the promise.

As, in connection with a work like this before us, citation is better than comment, we proceed to another extract showing Louis Philippe at home. It is only necessary to premise that the Revolution of 1830 had been commenced, but not completed; that Charles X. was at Rambouillet; that Louis Philippe had left the dairy at Neuilly, in which he had lain concealed until his pathway was clear, and that he had returned to the Palais Royal, entering it not by the great gateway but by the door of the private residence in the Rue St. Honoré, numbered 216. There the Duke de Mortemart waited on him from Charles X.

The prince was in a little cabinet completely separated from the apartments inhabited by himself and family; and as the heat was most oppressive, he was lying, half-dressed, upon a mattress thrown upon the ground. An abundant perspiration, which is not altogether to be attributed to the heat, but in which the anguish of his soul and the agitation of his mind had their share, poured from his forehead. He had a feverish aspect, and his speech was brief and hesitating. As soon as he saw M. de Mortemart, the prince sat upright on the mattress, "Draw near, duke, come here," said he, "that I may tell you, and you may tell the king, how painfully I am afflicted at all

that has happened . . . Tell him that I have been forced to come to Paris. Yesterday a mob invaded Neuilly. They inquired for me in the name of the assembled deputies, and when they heard I was absent, those men declared to the duchess that they would carry her and our children to Paris, and keep them prisoners until I appeared. It was only then that the duchess addressed to me a note urging me to return. . . . I returned to succor my family; and I was myself brought to this place late at night." We all know how much truth there was in the fevered recital of the prince. Unhappily, just at the moment, a mob passed shouting, *Vive le Duc d'Orleans!* "Do you hear that, Monseigneur?" said M. de Mortemart. "Yes, yes; I hear it perfectly," replied the prince; "but tell the king that I will rather be slain than accept the crown;" and thereon, as if his simple protest were not sufficient guarantee, he hurriedly wrote a note of similar purport to Charles X. It was a solemn protestation against the destiny reserved for him by the Chambers of Peers and Deputies. M. de Mortemart took the note, hid it in the folds of his cravat, bowed to the prince, and took his leave.

In spite of the protest, the prince became, nothing loath, King of the French. He speedily proceeded to toss from him all those who had helped him to the greatness which he had affected to hold in detestation. Elevation had not added to his refinement. When he had got rid of all his confederates but Lafitte and Odillon Barrot, his rather inelegant remark was, "I have two more doses to throw up, and then I shall be at ease!"

The reign of the last two Bourbon kings had been designated as the "comedy of fifteen years." The new drama which was now opening was to last eighteen years, and its denouement was to be something similar to that of the comedy itself. Conspiracies were soon rife, but nothing very serious happened until the outbreak in 1832, which arose of General Lamarque's funeral, and which was suppressed at great cost of blood. The king was "at home" at St. Cloud when the news reached him. His first impulse was to rush to and meet the danger; but he previously repaired to the queen's apartment, and related all that was passing in Paris. "What do you propose to do?" asked Louis Philippe. "Nay," answered Marie Amelie, "I will do what you do." "I am going on the instant," said the king, "into Paris." "And I with you," was the calm rejoinder of his wife.

The monarch and his ministers showed a bold face; but Arago, Lafitte, and Odillon Barrot waited on the former to implore him to have mercy after his victory if he would subsequently reign in peace. As they entered the court of the Tuileries in an open carriage, a bystander called out to them, "Look to yourselves. Guizot is with the king, and you risk your lives." They disregarded the warning, as they well might, but they were upon their guard. When announcement was made that the monarch was ready to receive them, Lafitte whispered to his companions, "Gentlemen, let us be cautious. He will try to make us laugh!" We regret that we cannot transcribe the long and interesting scene that followed, but we must be content with referring thereto all who are curious in contemporary history. From similar embarrassing scenes the king had always wit enough, and of a refined sort too, to enable him to escape with honor. It was in the course of one of those "badgering" interviews which his citizen royalty compelled him to grant that M. Dupin

(minister designate), at the end of a long and animated colloquy, abruptly remarked, with as much fierceness as familiarity, "I will tell you what it is, sire—I see that we shall never understand each other. We shall never agree." "I have long seen that, sir," answered the king, "as well as you, only I did not dare tell you so." He could hardly have dismissed a disagreeable visitor more happily. He was far less happy in getting rid of Lafitte. The banker was in difficulties, but the king consented to come to his aid by purchasing of him the forest of Breteuil, and promising not to register the deed of transfer, lest knowledge of the transaction should affect the banker's credit. The deed, however, was registered, and the banker ruined. The absence of the king's name on the subscription-list opened to relieve Lafitte gave rise to one of the wittiest of French caricatures, and we are surprised that it has escaped M. Dumas' memory. In the caricature of which we speak Louis Philippe was seen presenting himself to pay his subscription, the amount of which was cleverly suggested in his speech, which was to this effect: "I subscribe half-a-crown; here it is: be so good as to give me two and sixpence change." If this wit injured the king, so occasionally did his own. It will be remembered that at the time when Fieschi fired on Louis Philippe, and slew so many around him, the monarch was imploring the Chambers to grant enormous revenues (under the title of "apanages") to his children. The king and his sons attended the funeral ceremonies at the Invalides celebrated over the fourteen victims of the Fieschi attempt. He flung holy water upon the corpses, and drew down much approbation upon his condescension. He made a political profit of the catastrophe, or at least hoped to do so; and when he returned to the Tuileries after the ceremony, he remarked within the hearing of Marshal Maison—"Now, I take it, we are pretty sure of our *apanages*." What a funeral oration, as M. Dumas justly remarks, over fourteen dead bodies! According to the last-named gentleman, the king viewed the descent of death within the limits of his own family circle with equal composure, and his letter on the decease of his daughter, the Princess Mary, addressed to her husband, the Prince of Wurtemberg, is described by Dumas, who has it in his possession, as "having for its object the consolation of his son-in-law. It is just contrary in spirit to that of Rachel, who had lost her children and would *not* be comforted." It was soon after this that the king's popularity began rapidly to fall, but then came to revive it the bringing back to France of the body of the emperor whom he had so often affected to hate and despise. He put on the imperial gray coat in order to win a little applause; and, as M. Dumas rather strongly puts it, he tried to "sweat popularity out of the very carcass of Napoleon." And on this subject of the imperial remains there is a passage in the book which has more than common interest for English readers, and much novelty, probably, for the most of them. It is to this effect:—

One of the emperor's relations had obtained from O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, interested in exciting France, a promise to present to the House of Commons a motion for the surrender of the remains of Napoleon. Accordingly, when O'Connell spoke of his intention to Lord Palmerston, the latter exclaimed: "Why, *what the devil!* (?) take care; why, in place of gratifying the French government, you will ex-

ceedingly embarrass it." "That is not the question," said O'Connell; "the question for me is to do what I am bound to do. Now it is my bounden duty to ask the Commons to consent to my motion for the surrender of the emperor's remains to France. It is the duty of England to adopt my motion. I shall therefore propose it, without troubling myself as to whom it may please or offend." "Be it so," said Lord Palmerston, "but just put it off for a fortnight." "Agreed," said O'Connell. On the same day, as it is alleged, Lord Palmerston wrote to M. Thiers, to inform him that he should be obliged, in reply to O'Connell, to confess that England had never refused to surrender the remains of Napoleon to France, a proceeding she would have adopted long before if France had only laid claim to them.

On this letter having been laid before the king, the latter, in conjunction with M. Thiers, got up a pleasant little comedy in the Chamber of Deputies, wherein assurance was given that England was about to give up to France the body of the emperor, on special application for the same having been made by Louis Philippe himself. In the message to the Chamber Napoleon was styled "legitimate emperor and king," a title which was not forgotten by the heir who so suddenly appeared at Strasbourg and at Boulogne, and who now rules France according to the old régime of Louis XV. and Madame du Barry.

Our assigned limits will not permit us to notice more at length this curious work, and which is continued down to the death of the then ex-king at Claremont. But we have said enough to show that there is matter in it especially worthy of the notice of the student of history.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE POET MOORE.

A LADY, who had the good fortune to be present at a party in Dublin, the evening of the day when the first volume of *Moore's Melodies* was given to the world, was recalling the circumstance in so graphic a manner that we think her story may interest others as much as it did us. At that time, our now aged friend must have been of remarkable beauty—an enthusiastic girl, brought up in deep seclusion; married in her seventeenth year to an officer, with whom she was about to leave her native land. Of Little's poems, the *avant-courier* of Moore's fame, she had never heard; and, though the "melodies" of her country were familiar to her ear and lip, she did not think that they were known except by those who had learned them from the peasantry. "The pretty bride" was so new to the world, that her husband almost tutored her, as our grandame tutored us—"Now, my dear, hold up your head, hold your tongue, and remember your curtsy." He begged of her, whatever occurred, "to ask no questions." It was that great event in a country lady's life, "her first town party," and she was of course perpetually charmed, confused, and blushing. Presently she heard various whispers in the room—"Is he come?" "Will he come?" "Is he certain to come?" Vague ideas of the *Lord Lieutenant*, that cynosure of Irish eyes—of the commander of the garrison—floated before her; then the lady of the house asked her daughter if the book was placed open on the piano, "where he could see it at once?" And a dozen sweet faces pressed forward to inquire if "he" was "certain sure to come?" and the reply called forth all the little bewitching "Oh dears!" and "Oh mys!"

and "Oh thens!" which render the "brogue" the true accent of Cupid. The obedient wife—a very Griselda—would ask no questions; but she tried to reach the piano, and ascertain what "the book" was. However, one page of music is too like another to have yielded much information. As the evening melted away, the anxiety of the hostess and her friends increased to fever heat. At last, a double knock, and the hero of that and many other evenings entered. "I saw," continued our friend, "a very, very little man, without star or ribbon—not the lord-lieutenant! I was so disappointed; I even thought him ugly. I looked at all the radiant officers, and wondered *who* the little man was. Then came fine speeches from the hostess; and there gathered round him all the old and young. I was provoked; all this fuss for a little tiny man in black, who was neither the lord-lieutenant nor an officer. I sat down sulkily at the end of the grand piano, and resolved not even to look at him. Presently, the hostess manoeuvred him to the piano, and then, showing him the first number of his own melodies, asked him to sing. He said something—I did not hear exactly what—about not being prepared, but sat down, and with his small, delicate hands preluded a moment, and then sang 'RICH AND RARE.' Before he had got to the

—bright gold ring,

I was spell-bound. The head slightly upturned; the white, full, high brow, over which his silken hair lay in rich folds; the brightest, tenderest, most loving eyes were eloquent of expression; the smiling mouth gave forth the most bird-like, gushing music; every word was heard, and not only heard, but felt; and every eye fixed upon the 'poet of all circles.' When he finished, the burst of enthusiasm was electric; and his thanking smile, as he glanced round, emboldened his audience to exclaim, as with one voice, 'Another! another!' He sat down; the brilliancy of his expression faded; the sparkling light of love in his eyes deepened into the intense fire of patriotism; his form dilated; and he gave the line—

Go where glory waits thee!

as if it was a command from heaven. I had been but a short time married; my husband expected every day to be ordered off to the war; my hopes for him were so mingled with terrors, that I felt a shudder when I heard the words of the song. They were succeeded by others,

But when fame elates thee,
Oh, then remember me,

in tones so plaintive, so tender, so overwhelming, that, ashamed of my emotion, I covered my face with my hands, and pressed it on the piano. I tried to endure it; but every line, winged by such bewildering melody, entered into my heart. *I had said words with the same meaning to my husband twenty times.* And as the poet finished, I was completely overpowered; the burst of tears would come, and my husband carried his foolish, child-wife out of the room. I afterwards heard that the poet had said 'those tears were the most eloquent thanks he could ever receive.'

On Jean Allan, wife of John Houston at Arbroath:—

She was—but words are wanting
To say what:
Think what a wife should be, and
She was that.

From the Morning Chronicle.

WILLIAM STOUT.

A VERY curious "small quarto, vellum-covered volume, of coarse paper, written in a neat small hand," by William Stout, of Lancaster, wholesale and retail grocer and ironmonger, and a member of the Society of Friends—from 1665 to 1752, has been permanently embalmed by the typographical process, under the care of Mr. J. Harland, of the *Manchester Guardian*. And let us at once add that the book is far more worthy of the trouble than a good half of the memoirs, accounts, and muster-rolls, upon which certain learned societies exhaust their funds and their wits. Old William Stout, though his quiet Quakerly life affords no very striking incident, or moving exhibition of character, contrived, in his orderly walk through the Valley, to collect a great mass of details affecting everybody whom he saw, and most people whom he heard of, and jotted them down with a patient minuteness which, a hundred years after his old hand had stiffened forever, tells with a curious graphic power.

He was born in what at that time the Quakers were pleased to call the first month, between the years 1664 and 1665, "a remarkable year," he writes, "for the great plague or pestilence in London, in which died in that year about 75,000 people." To adjust the date to the usages of profane chronology, it must be remembered that the Society of Friends used to begin their year in March, but in 1752 they agreed to conform to the act of 24th Geo. II., for altering the calendar. William Stout was therefore born in March, 1665. His parents, members of the Established Church, were "well to do" in the world, "were very careful to get their children learning to read, as they came of age and capacity," and had one of them, a little girl, touched for what was supposed to be king's evil, the royal operator being our most religious and gracious sovereign, Charles II. The good Quaker remarks, in a catholic spirit, "How far a conceit may aggravate or cure a distemper is doubtful to determine." Early in life Stout was very much struck by the responsibility attached to the office of godfather, and determined never to undertake it, nor to allow any one to undertake it for his own children. His education was continued in various schools, but he was not forward in Greek and Latin, having a stronger taste for mathematics. He was apprenticed to Henry Coward, a grocer and ironmonger in Lancaster, and a person of consideration—indeed, too much liked by the gentry for his knowledge of horse-flesh to be so attentive as he should have been to his worldly interests. During the last four years of Charles II. the Quakers were much persecuted by that austere religionist, and Stout's master had to provide beds, firing, and candles, for forty or fifty prisoners at a time, persons who were incarcerated for the non-payment of tithes and church-rates. Stout's attention was probably awakened to the peculiarity of the Quaker doctrine during the time he was assisting his master in the duties in question, but his conversion dated from "the first day of the week, in the evening, on the 11th month, 1685, when a sermon, by a plain country farmer, William King," effected the work. Stout, however, was a sensible man, and made no parade of his convictions, but quietly served out his apprenticeship, and then took a shop, got goods from London (half the price being paid in ready money, as was then usual in the case of young men

beginning trade), and established himself at the outset of the long course of traffic which was to be so prosperous.

He has leisure here for some notes of the Monmouth rebellion, and of the birth of the first Pretender. "who, it was suggested, was not born of the queen, but was an impostor." The revolution, of course, does not escape his record, nor the war with France, "during the first year of which she took from us five hundred of our ships"—a fact we would commend to the attention of honorable gentlemen in the next steam-reserved debate.

Presently he got an apprentice of his own, and shortly afterwards occurred the only incident he has recorded as having had any tendency to disturb the virtuous career of his thoughts. A lady neighbor of about his own age, whose husband was absent, "began to increase her familiarities so much that he feared it extended above what it was safe in innocence to allow"—a fear somewhat reasonable considering certain circumstances detailed by the good young man. Howbeit, he had the grace to resist her wiles, and proceeded virtuously until he was 38, when his heart was perturbed with the charms of one Bethia Greene, and it was impressed upon his mind that if he were ever married, it would be to her. But it was not his destiny—the lady contemned him—and he comforted himself by perceiving that she was "solely affected with light and airy company." He made one other attempt at wedlock, but its object died, and Stout remained single all his days.

Henceforth his record is chiefly that of business, which he enters into with minuteness, giving the prices of goods of various kinds, especially food, with a carefulness which may render his little memoir useful to an historian of the social condition of the people in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He tells his "ventures in vessels," and the small profits which he makes acquire honest old Stout of any share in the slave traffic in which so many apparently godly merchants of Liverpool were believed to indulge—a suspicion which furnished the late Dr. Maginn with the staple of a powerful romance. Stout steadily accumulated, made journeys, settled the fortunes of all connected with him, reproving their failings, and bore with them as long as he could; but in the end was compelled in some cases to cast them off. He appears to have acted very kindly in many instances, and in all with rigid justice, and to have been much respected by every one. We have said, however, that it is not in the incidents of his life that the interest of the memoir would be found, but in its close and literal account of the world around him, and in his homely and prosaic mode of dealing with larger events which were agitating kingdoms. An accident he met with in 1742-3, when he was nearly 79, would have finished the career of a less temperate and careful man, but he recovered from it, and lived on to be 87, when he died, and his remains were laid in the Friends' burial ground at Lancaster, on the 19th of first month, 1752.

The good old man's composed and quaint narrative of his life was well worth reprinting, and an acknowledgment is due to Mr. Harland for the care with which he has edited it. The original manuscript belongs to Mr. Rowley, of Manchester. We would add that this Manchester book contains a feature which we wish the aristocratic publishers of London would neglect less frequently—an admirable index, which, to a work that will be kept for reference, as will this memoir, is an invaluable appendage.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

JAMES LOGAN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Memoirs of James Logan; a distinguished Scholar and Christian Legislator, including several of his Letters and those of his Correspondents, many of which are now first printed from the original MSS. collated and arranged for the purpose. By WILSON ARMISTEAD. 8vo. London.

JAMES LOGAN was descended from the Scottish family of Logan of Restalrig, known in history for little else save its connection with the celebrated Gowrie conspiracy. Driven from Scotland by the legal proceedings consequent upon the singular discovery of their father's letters to Gowrie in 1603, the two sons of the last Logan of Restalrig migrated to Ireland and established themselves at Lurgan. Robert, the younger son, subsequently returned to Scotland, where he married, and had a son Patrick, who removed to Ireland, taking with him a well-connected Scottish bride, and an affection for the religious opinions of George Fox. Out of a considerable family, only two children of Patrick Logan grew up to manhood, William, who was a physician at Bristol, and James, the subject of the present biography. The latter was born at Lurgan "in 1674 or 1675." He seems to have had an aptitude for the acquisition of languages, and, during a youth passed in various places in the three kingdoms—for his parents removed from Ireland back to Scotland and thence to England—James Logan picked up considerable knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish.

How or when he became acquainted with William Penn does not appear. Probably it was through Penn's second wife, with whose father Logan was acquainted. However begun, community of religious opinions and some superiority in manners and education to the Quakers in general, riveted the bond of union between the proprietor of Pennsylvania and the young disciple, and induced Penn, in 1699, to propose to James Logan to relinquish his intention of engaging in trade at Bristol, and accompany him to Pennsylvania in the character of his secretary. They sailed in September, 1699, and after a three months' voyage the proprietor and his secretary touched the shore of the new land of promise, in which it was Penn's intention to pass the remainder of his life. After two years Penn found it necessary to return to England, but he left his secretary in America as his agent and representative. In that arrangement Penn was particularly fortunate. Everybody else in authority in Pennsylvania looked upon Penn with jealousy, and strove to attain some selfish ends by infringing his acknowledged rights, or by taking advantage of his necessities. Logan alone acted fairly by him, and exhibited in his correspondence and in his conduct a due regard to his patron's interest, and a calm consideration of the practical possibilities of the position in which both of them stood. A more unquiet, litigious, hard-dealing set of men than Penn's colonists can scarcely be conceived. If all is true that is told of them, they certainly used Penn himself very ill, and oppressed every one who was inclined to treat him with more justice or liberality than themselves. Logan did not escape. In 1710 he was obliged to visit England in order to vindicate his conduct before the home authorities. He did so fully, and then returned to pursue his duties and his fortune in the

New World. During the six years of paralytic helplessness which preceded the death of William Penn, a correspondence passed between Penn's wife and Logan, in which we have, on the one side, interesting but melancholy glimpses of the condition of the great Quaker philanthropist, and on the other valuable information respecting the growing colony. This is the most interesting part of the book before us, although not new, for all these letters have been published before. Penn sent his scape-grace eldest son to Pennsylvania, consigning him to the care of Logan and his other sober friends; but other companions were better suited to his taste, and the silly youth brought discredit upon his father and himself. In vain Logan addressed to him letters of sensible but cold advice—too wise by half to have had any weight with a youth so far gone in dissipation. Sage sentimental aphorisms fell dead upon a wanderer whose own heart and conscience can supply him with better teaching than any mere moral lessons, if he can but be persuaded to listen to its still small voice. This melancholy episode in the life of Penn will be best read in Mr. Dixon's recent volume.

Logan had, ere this time, married, and settled himself in Pennsylvania. He prudently continued to devote his attention to commerce, as well as to the public affairs of the colony, and attained to eminent wealth as well as to the highest station. As his years and infirmities increased he partially withdrew from public affairs, and, in a residence in the suburbs of Pennsylvania, devoted his declining years to literature and science. The last office he continued to hold was that of "Chief Justice of the Province of Pennsylvania," at a salary of 100*l.* per annum. In 1736 he speaks of having already been obliged for five years past to mount the bench on crutches. He desired to retire, but the government could not find a satisfactory successor to his office. During his period of retirement Logan corresponded with his friends in Europe upon metaphysical subjects, and made communications on natural phenomena to the Royal Society, in letters addressed to Sir Hans Sloane, Peter Collinson, and others. He also employed himself in collecting a library—then not an easy task in that part of the world—and having built a room for its preservation, and endowed it with £35 per annum for a librarian, he left the whole to the city of Philadelphia. The Loganian Library still exists, but in combination with two other public libraries. The founder is also perpetuated in one of the public squares of Pennsylvania which bears his name. He died on 31st October, 1751.

Among the founders of Pennsylvania Logan ought to be had in honorable remembrance. Firm in his friendship to William Penn, and in his adherence to his personal religious opinions, a zealous and useful citizen, honorable and upright in every relation in life, he has also the still further credit of having been the first to tincture the rising colony with literature and all those amenities which learning brings in its train.

To form an opinion of human nature from a perusal of history, is like judging of a fine city by its sewers and cesspools.

PEDANTRY's jargon will no more improve our understandings than the importunate click of a smoke-jack will fill our stomachs.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE SULTAN'S BEAR.*

THE sultan, being one day rather out of sorts, sent for his Jewish physician, a man very eminent for skill in his profession, and not less distinguished by his love of his own nation and his desperate enmity to the Christians. Finding that his patient had not really much the matter with him, and thinking a little gossip would not only be more agreeable, but more likely to do him good, than any medicine which could be prescribed, the doctor began to discourse on the very familiar topic of his highness' favorite bear, which was lying at his feet, and whose virtues and abilities he was never tired of extolling.

"You would wonder," said the sultan, "not only at the natural sagacity of the creature, and the tact which he shows in a thousand different ways, but at the amount of knowledge he has collected, and the logical correctness with which he uses it. He is really a very knowing beast." The Jew politely acquiesced in all this and much more; but at length added: "It is well that such a clever animal is in such good hands. If his extraordinary talents are not developed to the utmost, they are at least not perverted and made a bad use of."

"I hope not, indeed," said the sultan. "But what do you mean by his talents not being developed? or in what way would they be likely to be perverted in bad hands?"

"Pardon me," said the Jew; "I have spoken rashly before your sublime highness—such things should not be talked of; but it is natural that, although I know very little about them, I should consider the practice and the purpose bad, when they belong to what I consider a bad people; at the same time, if your sublime highness thinks fit to tolerate them, it is not for your faithful slave to say a word about it. I should be sorry that your sublime highness should not extend to your Christian subjects the same toleration and paternal kindness my own people enjoy."

"What in the world do you mean?" said the sultan. "What have the Christians to do with my bear?"

"Nothing at all," replied the Jew with great earnestness; and he added, with a sigh, "that is the very thing I am thankful for. It is such a remarkable creature, that there is no saying what might come of it."

"Come of what?"

"Why," said the Jew, in a humble and very confidential tone, "your sublime highness is of course aware, that among the many curious secrets the Christians possess, they have one which enables them to teach bears to read."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the sultan. "How do they contrive it?"

"Ah," replied the Jew with an internal shudder, "that is more than I can tell your sublime highness. I don't suppose that half-a-dozen of your subjects, except themselves, are aware of the fact; and few even among the Christians know the secret. I only obtained the little knowledge I have by accidental circumstances, which put me upon the inquiry; and I was a long while before I could feel perfectly certain that they actually did the thing. How they did it, and why, I have

* This is in substance a tradition still current among those Eastern Christians who are "dwellers in Mesopotamia."

never been able to learn. It is one of their greatest secrets, one of their deepest, and therefore, I suspect, one of their most pernicious mysteries. I do not suppose that any man among them would confess it to save his life—not even the old patriarch, if he were put to the rack."

"It is very strange," said the sultan, after a pause.

"It is wonderful," said the physician with much emphasis.

"What is the harm of it?" exclaimed the sultan abruptly after a pause. "Why should not bears read as well as men, if they are capable of learning?"

"Most true and most wisely said," replied the Jew. "If they were taught to read good books, it would probably mend their manners. But if that were all, why should there be so much mystery about it? why should these people do it secretly, and deny it so stoutly?" and again he shook his head, and shuddered. But being fully persuaded that he had gained his point, he thought it safest to change the subject; and accordingly he did so as soon as he had emphatically and earnestly entreated the sultan not to say a word of the secret he had been led to impart, or, at all events, not to let it be known that he had given any information on the subject.

When the doctor was gone, the sultan fell into a reverie on the advantages and disadvantages of his bear learning to read. When he went to bed, the same train of thought kept him awake; and after a sleepless night, he sent early in the morning for the patriarch. The venerable Mar Yusef lost no time in obeying the summons. Taking his patriarchal staff in his hand, and followed by his two deacons with their heads bare, and their hands crossed on their bosoms, he silently bent his way towards the palace, pondering in his mind on all the various things he could think of as possible causes for his being wanted by the sultan. The sultan dismissed all his attendants; and, as soon as he and the patriarch were alone, he beckoned him to approach, and when the aged ecclesiastic had come quite close, and again bowed, not only out of respect, but instinctively, as one does who expects a whisper, the sultan said in a low, earnest tone: "You know my bear?"

"I do, please your sublime highness," replied Mar Yusef; "and a very fine bear he is."

"I know that," answered the sultan; "but the matter is this," and he lowered his voice, and increased the earnestness of his tone; "You must teach him to read."

"To read!" exclaimed the patriarch, thunderstruck. "To read! the thing is impossible."

"Of course, I knew you would say that," said the sultan; "you must do it, however, or it will be the worse for you and for all your people."

"Most willingly would I do that, or anything lawful, to show my respect for your sublime highness," said the astonished patriarch; "but, as I have already had the honor to observe, the thing is impossible."

"Don't tell me," said the sultan. "I know more about the matter than you imagine. There is no use in trying to conceal it. I know, upon undoubted authority, that you have taught bears, and many of them, I daresay, of less capacity than mine. I shall send him to you this evening, and if you do not bring him back in six weeks able to read, it will be as I have already told you—at your peril, and to the ruin of all that belong to you."

So, now, do not waste time; for I am quite in earnest about it; but go and make preparations to receive him, for he has been used to courteous treatment."

This speech was accompanied by a wave of the hand, which precluded all reply, and the troubled patriarch silently and slowly withdrew.

"My children," said the patriarch on his way home, addressing the two young men who were supporting him, "the sultan has resolved to destroy us, and all the Christians in his dominions. He is seeking occasion against us. He does not make open war upon us; but he secretly commands us to do what is impossible, in order that he may have a pretext for our destruction. He requires that in six weeks we should teach his bear to read!"

"The old brute!" exclaimed the deacon Timothy.

"My father," said the other deacon, Titus, "suffer me to speak."

"Speak, my son," replied the aged man, in a voice scarcely articulate, while he gently withdrew his hand, and laid it on the deacon's head; "what wouldst thou say?"

"Under favor, most dear and reverend father," replied Titus, "I would say that, whatever the sultan's design may be, you should not be discouraged; and that, if you will only do one thing, which I earnestly entreat you to do, I will cheerfully undertake all the rest, and I doubt not that we may get clear through this difficulty."

"What would you have me do, my son?" said the patriarch.

"Just this," replied the deacon, "if I may be permitted to advise; go back to the sultan as quickly as possible, and say that, on consideration, you are sorry that you hesitated—that you will be happy to receive his bear—that you will do your best, and hope to give him satisfaction in the matter."

"What! my son," said the patriarch, "would you have me go to the sultan, and undertake to teach his bear to read? You do not know how difficult it is even to teach young children." But the deacon pleaded so earnestly, that his superior at length consented; and, returning to the palace, the patriarch signified to the sultan that he had thought better of the subject, and was willing to do anything in his power to give his sublime highness satisfaction.

"No doubt you can, if you will," said the sultan hastily, but not in ill-humor; "and I expect you to do it—you might as well have agreed to it at once."

When the patriarch was at home, seated in his armchair, with his deacons standing on each side, and a little recovered from the fatigue of the walk, he turned to Titus, and said: "Well, my son, and what am I to do now?"

"Nothing, my father," replied the deacon cheerfully. "You have done all I asked you to do, and what remains I will readily undertake."

So he made his bow, and set off to make his arrangements. He chose a little square room up one pair of stairs in the north turret, and parted off about a third of it with strong horizontal bars, six inches apart. The two lowest bars were movable, and the spaces between them left open, to admit air and light, as well as to allow the inmate to go in and be brought out at the pleasure of his keepers; but all above them were boarded over, except that one which was of such a height as would be about even with the bear's head when

he should stand on his hind legs. This space was left open along the whole length of the den, so that, in any part of it, he could very conveniently put forth his nose far enough to look about him.

"And now," said Titus to his comrade Timothy, when he had completed these preparations, "I must go to seek for a book and a desk; and if they bring the bear before I come back, will you be so good as to see him put in, and also to mind that the other end of the chain, which I have padlocked to the staple in the wall, is fastened to his collar, and is long enough to allow of his lying down comfortably in the straw, and taking a little turn backwards and forwards, if he likes? and don't let them give him anything to eat, and take care not to be out of the way—that is a good fellow."

"You may depend upon me," said Timothy; and Titus went off to the church, to see about a lectionary, for the bear to study, though, to say the truth, not entirely, or even principally, with that intention; for he did not mean that his pupil should commence that day, or the next; and he was in no doubt which to choose among many old lectionaries that had been laid aside. There was an immense one, with great brass knobs and corners, out of which he had himself learned to chant long before he could lift it, and, indeed, now that he was come to man's estate, it was as much as he could carry. This book he meant to use; but for the present he contented himself with observing from the window the bear coming to school in procession; and when he was satisfied that his pupil was in safe custody, he descended from the church-tower and went to see after him. When he came to the door of the apartment, he waited a moment to listen to what seemed an interchange of anything but civilities between Timothy and his charge. Titus called out his colleague; and, without going in himself, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"Won't you go in and look at him?" said Timothy, as they went down the staircase together.

"Time enough," said Titus; "he will be better by himself just at present. Had you much trouble in getting him in? How did he behave?"

"Rather restive," replied Timothy; "but we managed it among us. Should not he have something to eat?"

"No," said Titus; "he has got plenty of water; he will do very well. But now come and help me down with the old lectionary from the upper vestry, for I don't think I can get it down the staircase myself." Between them the lectionary was safely brought down, and deposited, not in the apartment, which we may now call the school-room, but in the chamber of Titus, on a massy oak desk or lectern, which turned upon its pedestal, and which they brought out from the patriarch's library for the purpose.

It was well that the school-room was rather remote, and had thick walls; for, missing his supper, the bear naturally became not only hungry, but savage, growled in the most ferocious manner, and rampaged about his cage like a fury. But he got nothing by it; and when he had drunk up the water, and exhausted his powers of growling and raging, he went to sleep. In the morning Titus brought him merely some fresh water and a cake of barley-bread; but in the afternoon, thinking it was now time for his pupil—who was tolerably tame after his unwonted exercise and fasting—to begin his studies, he brought with him the great book he

had prepared for his use, and placed it open on the desk, which now stood before the horizontal opening between the bars already described. All the morning had been employed in preparing the desk and the book; and the former was now so contrived that, by means of a screw, the latter could be raised or lowered at pleasure. The book was no sooner placed before the opening, at the distance of a few inches, than the bear, which was on the look-out to see what was going forward, began to snuff and poke, and showed a most eager desire to reach it. In fact, all along the lines of large letters, which were widely divided by the musical staves, the tutor, well knowing the taste of his pupil, had stuck little figs, dates, raisins, almonds, morsels of cake, comfits, and dried fruits; in short, all such little sweet things as bears so particularly delight in. The book was placed at such a height and distance, that the pupil could only reach the top line; and the eager manner in which he cleared it, gave promise that he would prove an apt scholar in that branch of learning. One page only was thus prepared for him; for at that period of his education it would have been impossible, without harsher measures than his tutor wished to adopt, to prevent him from cross-readings which would greatly have blemished his scholarship. Some minor offences, such, for instance, as inordinate efforts to begin upon a second line before he had regularly perused the first, were punished by switching him on the nose, turning the double desk round—in which case it presented him with a mirror, that frightened him dreadfully—or even, in case of perverseness, leaving him to himself, without giving him the substantial honey-cake, which always rewarded a well-said lesson. In a short time the parties began to understand one another, and, as Titus had prudently taken care to be known to his pupil only as a benefactor, he soon gained his confidence. The bear who, like all his race, had an ardent love for such dainties, found that he was welcome to eat all he could get, if he did but do it in a decent methodical manner. He soon learned, therefore, to take each line as it came; and, indeed, after a short time, his instructor not only ventured to cover the lines of the two open pages at the same time, but by enlarging the opening in front of his cell, he put it in his pupil's power to go on from one line to another without the book being raised; and after the tutor had for a week or two turned the leaf when necessary, the pupil began to show that, if it was not done for him, he could do it for himself.

As time drew on, the patriarch was most anxious to know, but did not venture to ask, how matters were going on. At length he summoned courage, and put the question, somewhat indirectly, to Titus; and although he received no particulars, yet he could not help feeling comforted by the cheerful manner in which his affectionate deacon assured him that everything was going on rightly, and that he need have no fear for the result.

In the mean time, the sultan, though less anxious, was intensely curious to see what could come of the matter, and frequently entered into conversation on the subject with his physician, who was, on somewhat different grounds, still more curious than himself. His sublime highness, however, who could not expect from a Jew much information respecting the secrets and mysteries of the Christians, rather confined the discourse between them to the physiological part of the subject, expressing his wonder—first, that bears should be

able to learn to read; and, secondly, that such a capacity was not more frequently cultivated, asking him, withal, whether he had ever himself heard a bear read? The doctor, in parliamentary fashion, blinked the question; observing that, as it was done by secret practices, and no doubt for wicked purposes, it was best to say as little as possible about it. His sublime highness was not altogether satisfied, but comforted himself with thinking that time would soon throw light on the matter.

At length the day arrived when the bear's proficiency was to be put to the test. The sultan was seated on a divan in his hall of audience; his ministers and officers of state stood on either side; and behind him knelt his Jewish physician, who assumed that position because, although he would not have failed, even at the hazard of his life, to be present, yet he had no strict right to be there; and, moreover, he did not particularly wish to be seen in the business. All were in breathless expectation when the Christian procession entered. The patriarch walked first, with his crozier in his hand; next came Titus, the tutor, bowed down under the huge lectionary, which he bore upon his back, secured by leathern straps over his shoulders; then followed Timothy, leading by a chain the carefully-muzzled pupil. This precaution was quite necessary; for, having been kept fasting four-and-twenty hours, the animal was in no good-humor, and would not have been so quietly brought in, if it had not been closely following the favorite book. But, in fact, the only trouble which Timothy had, was to prevent his eager charge from leaping at the volume while it was yet on his tutor's back. The procession was closed by a porter, bearing the desk, who, under the direction of Titus, placed it before the sultan, at such a distance as would conveniently enable the reader to stand between it and his sublime highness, who might thus see the book over his favorite's shoulder. Titus himself, thus relieved of his burden by its transfer to the desk, went round into the reader's place, and opened the ample leaves of the lectionary; while, to the great amusement of the sultan, Timothy was exerting his energies to the utmost to keep back the eager pupil.

"He seems fond of his book, however," said the sultan; "that looks well." And all the circle bowed assent.

At length, having arranged the volume to his satisfaction, Titus received his pupil from the hands of his colleague. The bear stood up manfully to his task; but, it need scarcely be said, he was sadly disappointed when he found that, unlike itself, the beloved book contained no sweets; not a morsel, though the often-travelled, much-licked, and still-besmeared lines retained the well-known scent and savor. He ran his nose over one line after another, all down the first page, then down the second, and then somewhat impatiently turned the leaf.

"Well," cried the sultan, "he certainly seems to take a great interest in it himself; and he may understand it perfectly, for aught I know; but I wish he would read aloud. I should like to hear him. Will you be so good as to tell him so?" he added, addressing the patriarch.

The venerable Mar Yusef was puzzled, and, as people often do when they are puzzled, he made a bow, but could think of nothing to say. Titus, however, promptly dropped on his knees between the bear and the sultan; and, addressing the latter, he said: "Your sublime highness will hear him

presently; be pleased to give him a little time. Let him not be harshly judged, if he is a little timid and shy. This is his first attempt in public."

As he said this, the deacon saw the twinkle of the Jew's eye over the sultan's shoulder. It was only for a moment, and nobody but Titus himself knew that he had seen it at all, so intently did he seem to be occupied in comforting and encouraging—perhaps we should say exciting—his pupil. The bear, however, being disappointed line after line, and page after page, and only stimulated and irritated by the scent and the slight taste which he could get by thrusting the tip of his tongue through his muzzle, began to growl most awfully, as he still went on mechanically, line after line, and turned the leaves with increased rapidity and vehemence. This continued for some time, until the pupil was evidently getting into a passion, and the tutor was growing rather nervous, when the sultan showed a disposition to speak, which Titus most thankfully interpreted as an intimation that the experiment had been carried far enough. He instantly quieted his pupil, not so much by the order which he gave, as by showing him a honey-cake, which nobody else saw, handed the chain to Timothy, and prepared to listen.

"As I observed before," said the sultan, "he certainly does seem to take a vast interest in it himself; and I daresay he understands it; but as to his elocution, I must say that it seems to me somewhat inarticulate." The patriarch was puzzled again, and again he bowed, lower than before. The Jew chuckled, and whispered something in the sultan's ear. But Titus was not disconcerted. Falling again on his knees, he exclaimed, "Pardon me, your sublime highness, we consider him a remarkably good reader, an animal of excellent parts, and a pupil who does us great credit. It is true, as your sublime highness' discrimination has observed, that his enunciation, even to those who know the language, may have some appearance of indistinctness, because he is defective in the vowel-points; but we cannot help it, for all our books are unpointed. In this, which, indeed, we consider a matter of little importance, we do not pretend to compete with the Jews, who teach theirs from pointed books. If your sublime highness ever heard a bear read more articulately than this one, it must have been one of theirs; and if you would have your own perfected in that particular, you must put it into their hands." The sultan stared at the deacon; and the Jew eyed him over the sultan's shoulder with fierce alarm. But the hands of Titus were folded on his breast, and his head was bowed down on his hands.

"Well," said the sultan to the patriarch, after a pause, during which it was obvious that some things were passing through his mind, of which he said nothing, "I thank you for the pains you have taken; and although I cannot say that I quite understand the matter now, yet, if I had known six weeks ago as much as I do at present, I would not have troubled you. If you are ever in want of any help or protection, remember, as I shall, that you have obliged me."

The patriarch bowed. The sultan rose and retired, resolved that his first business should be to come to a full explanation with his doctor; and accordingly, a summons for the Israelite was instantly issued. Very long it seemed to the sultan—although, in fact, it was only half an hour—

before the vizier came to report that the doctor was nowhere to be found.

"Well," said the sultan, "I do not much wonder at that. I always thought him a wise man, and he is certainly no fool to get out of the way now. But, at the same time, let strict search be made; and also bring me the chief rabbi."

In the confusion occasioned by the breaking up of the company, the tutor and his pupil—the latter of whom had naturally dropped into the less ostentatious posture of a quadruped—were forgotten, or at least overlooked, by the crowd of courtiers, who rushed to congratulate Mar Yusef, or laid their heads together, to whisper their surprise or their suspicions. Titus, therefore, having briefly given directions to Timothy to take care that the book was removed, and to see the patriarch home, and make an excuse for his staying behind, slipped with his amiable charge through a side-door into the garden, where he seated himself on a bench, while his companion stood opposite to him on his hind legs, looking wistfully, he almost thought reproachfully, in his face. In truth, Titus was conscious that he had tried the temper of his pupil, and was afraid to let him loose before company, or, indeed, to let him go into company at all, until he should have brought him into good-humor. He had provided himself with ample means of doing this; and having produced more than one honey-cake, and several other good things, and laid them on the bench beside him, he did not hesitate to unmuzzle his friend, and a merry meal they made together.

If the master was rendered happy by the issue of an experiment which had been matter of such great and long anxiety, the pupil was also raised to a state of the highest possible good-humor, by being at once relieved from restraint and hunger. He looked cheerily about him; seemed as if for the first time he recognized his old haunts; gambolled through the now deserted hall and passages; and, before he had been missed by anybody, found his way, by a short cut, to his own rug in the sultan's apartment.

For a moment, indeed, while occupied in anticipating the explanation which he had resolved to extort from his doctor, the sultan, like his courtiers, had forgotten his favorite; but now the meeting was most cordial on both sides. The sultan seemed determined to make up for his neglect; and the favorite to show, that neither scholarship, nor the discipline requisite for obtaining it, had diminished his social affections or companionable qualities.

At length the rabbi arrived. He had, indeed, been a little longer than was necessary on the way, because he had found some means of persuading the messenger to let him call on two or three friends as he came along. He did not lose much time by this, however; his only object being to ask them to what extent they could help him in case the loan should be very large. Satisfied on this point, and preoccupied by the thoughts which had suggested the inquiry, he stood before the sultan. Great, therefore, was his surprise, when his sublime highness, instead of saying a word about money-matters, briefly, but clearly, explained to him the nature of the business in which his service was required.

"Your sublime highness is pleased to jest with your servant," said the rabbi, as soon as he could command breath enough to utter the words.

"Not at all," replied the sultan; "you will find me quite in earnest, I assure you. He reads, and, I am told, reads as well as can be expected *without* the points; now you must teach him to read *with* them."

The rabbi was utterly confounded. He could only bow down his head, wondering what the sultan could mean, and what he would say next, and whether it would throw any light on what he had said already. So his sublime highness continued, with some asperity: "Do not think to deceive me. I know all about the matter. You *can* do it, and you had better not hesitate; for I am in no humor to be trifled with. I gave the Christians six weeks, and I'll give you the same. Don't answer, but go, and he shall be sent to you."

The unhappy rabbi returned home in a state of bewilderment. He sent for some of his friends to consult with, most of whom were as much surprised as he had been, when they learned the nature of the business which had produced the summons. Only one of them, who happened to be a friend of the missing doctor, seemed to know anything about the matter; and he could not throw much light upon it. He could only tell them, for their comfort, that it was a very serious affair, and they must mind what they were about.

It would be only tiresome, if it were possible, to particularize all the suggestions and discussions which ensued. They were still going on when the bear arrived, and was duly installed in an apartment which had been prepared for him, as well as it could be on such short notice; for all agreed that he must be treated with great care and attention, not only in order to propitiate him, but because it might be dangerous to let him return in worse condition than he came. So neither trouble nor cost was spared to make him comfortable; and very comfortable he was; supplied with every luxury, crammed with dainties, and petted in every conceivable way. But whatever progress he might make in the study of mankind, and in other branches of useful knowledge, it was plain that he was making none in that particular branch of learning for which he had been sent to school. His instructors did not know how to deal with him. He was on easy terms with all about him, would play with anybody, and quarrelled with nobody; but learn he would not. When they held a book before him, he thrust his nose into the cream-bowl; when they spoke of Pathach and Segol, he shut one eye, and munched figs; and when, "as a bird each fond endearment tries," they set up a stave which might have made the very learned the Masorites to dance for joy, in the hope that instinctively, or by mere love of imitation, he might be led to join in the chorus, he only threw himself on his back, and fairly roared them down.

Sensible of all this, and of its probable consequences, the instructors had not been idle in another direction. They had used their utmost endeavors to learn how the pupil had been dealt with by his former tutor. But all their inquiries were fruitless. Titus had kept his secret so effect-

ually, that even Timothy knew little, if anything, more than other people; or, in other words, more than had been transacted before the sultan and his court. But in collecting all such information as could be gleaned, they were indefatigable, and were scrupulously careful to imitate everything which had been done, not knowing what hidden virtue there might be in things apparently trivial. They provided a great book and a desk; and did, and were prepared to do, all that, so far as they could learn, had been done before. And so matters went on, until the time came for them to produce their pupil.

The sultan was led, by various considerations, to think that it would be better to have the examination rather more private than the former one had been; and, accordingly, at the time appointed, the rabbi and his companions were brought into his private apartment. They had no hope that the book and desk—which, however, they had taken care to provide—would be wanted by their pupil; and, indeed, for some time past their thoughts had been turned from any attempts at instruction, and employed in framing an apology, in doing which they flattered themselves that they had succeeded tolerably well.

The pupil, who had grown corpulent under his late course of treatment, did not at first raise his lazy, half-shut eyes high enough from the ground to see the desk and open book, which were clever imitations, if not quite fac-similes, of forms deeply impressed on his memory, and calculated to produce very stimulating recollections. As soon as they caught his eye, he seemed to be seized with sudden passion, dashed at the book, and overthrew the whole concern. Fiercely did he thrust his nose and paws between the leaves, and turn them, and tear them, and trample them. At length, exhausted by his exertions—to say nothing of his having previously had more exercise than usual—he waddled away to his well-known rug, absolutely declined all invitations either to work or play, and lay there watching the company through his half-shut eyes, in a state of stupid repose, which those who had just watched his effervescence did not care to interrupt.

"Well," said the sultan to the rabbi and his friends, "you are a strange set of people. When I put my bear into your hands, he read fluently, and *con amore*; and all you had to do was to perfect his articulation. Instead of that, you bring him back fat, stupid, and savage, and so far from reading better, unable to read at all. It would serve you right, if I were to hang the whole set of you, and confiscate all your goods; but I am a merciful man, and will be content with banishment."

So an order was immediately issued for banishing the Jews from the dominions of the sultan; and they all made off as fast as they could, not knowing that their own countryman had been at the bottom of all, or having any idea of the explanation which is here laid before the reader.

In Hartington Churchyard, Derbyshire:—

The man that lies beneath this stone,
Was for his honesty well known;
An industrious wife he had, and children kind,
Which gave great satisfaction to his mind;
His debts he paid; his grave you see;
Prepare yourself to follow ME!

In St. Philip's Churchyard, Birmingham:—

Oh, cruel Death, it surely was unkind,
To take him before, and leave me behind;
Thou shouldst have taken both, if either,
Which would have been much better for the
survivor.

From Duffy's Magazine.

IRISH LAWYERS AND WITNESSES.

I AM about to narrate a few facts; and it is very likely that many persons may peruse this, and other reminiscences of my past life, and recognize transactions previously known to them, at least in their main features. I write anonymously, and am, consequently, indifferent to criticism or imputation; but I deem it proper to inform my readers that, in scarcely any instance, shall the real name of a fellow-performer on the stage of life be communicated, as I shall impart to others the same protection of which I avail myself.

More than half-a-score years have elapsed since I last enjoyed the pleasure and profit of visiting a central town of Ireland as a circuit-going barrister. I had for seven years gone a weary round, and received, in that time, in five counties, a sum that amounted exactly to nine shillings per annum. But luck had changed, and briefs had begun to come in rather plentifully—especially in criminal cases—and I found myself well able to pay my way, and bring home some trifle beyond a hundred pounds at the conclusion of each professional tour. My practice, although inferior in rank and emolument to the business of the record courts, was, in many respects, more satisfactory; and I have occasionally comforted myself when I heard my superiors blamed for injudicious statements, indiscreet cross-examinations, or inefficient speeches to evidence, by reflecting that those who suffered by my mismanagement were either totally removed from this world or gone to the other side of it, and that, in either case, I might feel rather indifferent to their opinions of my forensic exertions.

On the occasion to which I refer, the summer assizes for a county and city were to be opened in the afternoon, and no further business than swearing the grand juries and sending up a few bills was to be done until the following morning. The court-house and its vicinity were crowded, and I was making my way through a street thronged with a well-proportioned mixture of gentry, farmers, and peasants, where now, on a similar occasion, we might look in vain for even a moderate share of any of those classes, and I was passing the residence of an attorney who possessed the implicit confidence of every rogue and ruffian within the shire, when a tap at his window and a beckon of his finger diverted my willing steps into his office. It was very full of men and women, with all of whom, and with their respective business, Mr. Higgins seemed perfectly acquainted, and for each of whom he had a ready communication, quite of a prophetic character, and more or less agreeable to those he addressed in exact proportion to the amount of money displayed at his requisition; and, whether to impart greater weight to his assertions, or to infuse courage into such of his auditors as should have a "trifle of swearing" to do at the assizes, Mr. Higgins garnished his colloquies with loud and frequent oaths. On my entrance he set a chair for me in the least crowded part of the office, whispered that he had a good many cases for me, and that if I waited a few minutes he would walk down to court with me, and ended by giving me a brief and two pound notes, with two shillings as ballast to keep them from blowing away; then turning to his clients, he resumed:

"Well, Ned Delany, what's that you've got?"

"Two thirty-shilling provincials, Mr. Hig-

"By ——! you've broke your heart, Ned, honey. Had n't you better go and get two thirty-shilling nationals, and an agricultural or two to keep their company, if you think there's any good to be done!"

"Oh, Mr. Higgins, jewel! could n't you hire a counsellor for Pether did what I have? for you know he's innocent, and we have the witnesses that were with him six-and-twenty miles away from the colliery at the time Dunn was shot, and they'll swear it."

"I dare say they will; and while their hand's in they may as well swear to six-and-thirty miles of an alibi, and it will be as readily believed."

"Anything you please, Mr. Higgins, dear; only look to poor Pether, and good luck to you and yours—"

"And, Ned, do you think that I'm to go through the business of drawing a brief for a counsellor, about the shooting of Dunn, the colliery underground overseer, and how your brother was thirty or forty miles from the colliery at the time, and all for three pounds! Is it joking you are! When we know what a good hand you are at raising a subscription for any poor boy in trouble, why did n't you collect for your own brother?"

"Oh, Mr. Higgins, honey! I was watched too close; for three weeks past I could n't stir ten yards out after nightfall without a couple of Peelers being on my thrack. I'm a marked man since the last subscription I riz."

"I believe there was some little misunderstanding about that business," said Mr. Higgins, slightly smiling, and looking at me as if to attract my attention to the worthy with whom he was discussing the expense of defending an innocent victim of legal persecution, who had been already tried three times on charges of robbery of arms, administering unlawful oaths, and murder: "but what was this happened you, Ned?"

"Why, I went, with three others, and spint a whole night gettin' subscriptions from the people about Tullaghbeg, to defend the boys that wur in this time twel'month for swearin' Jem Lalor to give up the land he took when Jack Shea was ejected, and there was a few that either could n't or would n't give any subscription; so we had to bate them, and one of them knew me and prosecuted me before Barrister O'Sullivan, and you may guess I was in a poor way when the jury found me guilty. Throth it was six months every day of it I got, although the fellow I bet had n't to keep his bed beyant a week; that's what they call justice to a poor man! But, Mr. Higgins, avick! won't you take the three pound to clear my brother, and long life to you?"

"Put up your three pound, Ned. I'm sorry for your trouble; but you may depend upon Peter dying like a man, without shaming your family."

"Mr. Higgins, would I be time enough if I had another couple of pound by seven o'clock in the mornin'?"

"Why, I think you would; I'd try to get on another case at the sitting of the court."

"By yer lave," said Ned, and vanished through the opening mass that made way for his egress; whilst a comfortable, matronly-looking woman advanced to Mr. Higgins, and deposited in his hands a leathern bag, the contents of which he quickly proceeded to investigate, and, as he reckoned over about fifteen pounds in gold, his countenance brightened and assumed an aspect of confident satisfaction.

"Mr. Higgins, yer honor, won't *that* do! My depindance is on you for my boy. His father is on lying these three weeks, and has n't the heart to rise off the bed since Mick was took; and, as for myself, God help me! I'll lose my life if he is n't cleared. Oh! Mr. Higgins, dear, what would you say to getting them marrid?"

"Married! Why, Mrs. Mulvany, are you mad? I'd see her and all her dirty clan d——d first! I have money enough here to get the best counsel in the town, and to defend your son respectably. It's all right, Mrs. Mulvany; your son will be respectably defended, ma'm; and a respectable defence in a case of this kind is everything; married, indeed!"

"But, Mr. Higgins, sir, dear, her people lives under the Conlans, and what would we do if any of them is on the jury!"

"They'll not be on the jury, Mrs. Mulvany. I'll have a jury of bachelors to try the case; I never let the father of a family pass in such a case without challenging him at once, and I'll challenge all the Conlans, you may depend upon it."

"May the heavens bless you, Mrs. Higgins, but you're the stout, bowld man! I'll go down now, sir, to the jail, and thry to see poor Mick, and bid him to keep up his heart for his thrial, and that he stands a fine chance of getting off from being either marrid or hung, and, plaze God, it will be a warnin' to him to avoid the like for the rest of his days."

Exit Mrs. Mulvany; and Mr. Higgins forthwith assumed a tone as short, sharp, and decisive as a good fox-chase:

"Doyle, I want you and Corcoran; let the rest go to h—l!"

Nothing beyond a suppressed murmur attended this summary disposal of his clients; a few said something about calling again, but it was, perhaps, by way of an indirect protest against departing immediately to the quarter indicated by Mr. Higgins.

Doyle and Corcoran remained waiting for further directions; but before addressing a word to them he turned and asked me to look at the proofs in the brief he had previously given me, adding, "The men *ought* to be acquitted; they have given me enough to have a silk gown along with you to defend them, and it would be an infernal shame if they were convicted; look over the committal and my proofs and tell me what you think. I have to write a short note about some road traverses, and in a minute I'll be ready to talk to you."

I, accordingly, looked over the brief. It was like the other productions of Mr. Higgins' office, in criminal cases, clear and distinct, nothing intricate or complicated, but setting up a state of facts, or asserted facts, totally incompatible with his client's guilt, and proposing to establish them by plain, simple, downright testimony, or, perhaps, I should say, swearing. The brief instructed me that James and Thomas Molloy had been charged upon oath by one Judith Redmond, for that, on Sunday morning, the — day of —, 183—, they feloniously entered the dwelling house of one Richard Dillon, at Carrignacoppul, in the said county, and then and there feloniously stole, took, and carried away twenty-nine pounds sterling in certain bank notes, the property of the said Richard Dillon, against the peace, &c., &c.

It appeared, by the informations, that Richard Dillon was a tenant to the Earl of Annesborough, and that, for the purpose of paying his rent, he

had brought home, on the evening preceding the alleged robbery, twenty-nine pounds, which sum was composed of two five pound notes of the Provincial Bank, two five pound notes of the National Bank, and nine notes of the Bank of Ireland for one pound each. He had received these notes from a very extensive trader in the county town, for barley, butter, and pensioners' bills; and, on his return home at night, had deposited them in a large deal chest, having previously marked each note on the back with the words, "From Mr. Smithson—Richard Dillon." He locked his chest, and considered his possession secure, until, on his return from last mass with his family the following day, it was announced to him, when about half way home, that his house had been entered and plundered by James and Thomas Molloy, who were named, by his servant girl, Judith Redmond, as the perpetrators of the outrage. Her information stated, that having been left in care of her master's house during the absence of the entire family on the day referred to, two men entered the house about one o'clock, P. M., and were at once known by her to be James and Thomas Molloy, although they had attempted a disguise by cutting up an old hat into strips, and making vizors of them in order to conceal their features. She had been immediately laid hold of and pushed into a small apartment adjoining the room in which Dillon's chest was kept; the door was locked, and she saw, through a small chink, the two men engaged in hastily breaking the chest with hammer and ripping-chisel, and when they departed with the spoil, she contrived to push back the lock bolt, issued forth, and gave the alarm. The pursuit was immediate, and the men were apprehended in their own habitation, which was about half a mile from Dillon's; neither bank notes, hammer, chisel, nor materials for disguise, such as the girl had described, were found on them, or in their dwelling. They were brought next day before the Earl of Annesborough and a military stipendiary magistrate, who were both thoroughly indisposed to take a lenient view of the case. The stipendiary knew them to be men of the worst character, to whom crimes in all the varieties of fraud and force had been freely attributed, and who had escaped punishment by extreme caution and cunning. The earl believed them to have robbed his tenant and intercepted his rent; they were, consequently, at once committed, and it was now proposed to prove, in their defence, that they had been about four miles distant from Dillon's at the exact time that Judith Redmond swore to in reference to the commission of the robbery. The proofs for the prisoner instructed me that Mr. Doyle and Mr. Corcoran would swear that they came out of the chapel of Barndarrig, along with the prisoners, precisely at one o'clock, that they stopped for about fifteen minutes at a neighboring public house, and had a "taste of spirits," and afterwards accompanied the prisoners nearly a mile of the road on their way home. Mr. Doyle was a person who followed a peripatetic profession through the country as a goose-plucker. It occurred to some persons that he ought to be called to the bar, for he had a large bag, went circuit, and plucked all the creatures he could lay hold on. But I fear he will never get to the bar, except through the dock. Mr. Corcoran was a tinker, and had not been long in the locality. There was a vague impression abroad that he was a very clever tinker, who could form a mould for casting any small

article, and occasionally manufacture pewter spoons and half-crowns out of the same materials. Such were the noble witnesses whose testimony was to rescue the Molloyes from condemnation, and restore them to society and the bosoms of interesting and well-instructed families.

"Well, what do you think of the case?" asked Higgins.

"They will be convicted," was my reply. "There might," I added, "be some chance if no witnesses were called; a close cross-examination, and perhaps a few words to the jury, might possibly succeed; but you know, Higgins, that the juries of this county always disbelieve *alibi* defences."

"Why, counsellor," exclaimed Higgins, with an oath or two, "you are too timorous and desponding; keep up your heart and play the game boldly, and I'll have the Molloyes yet so-hoing hares for my greyhounds on the hill of Coppedown. *Your alibi*," he continued, with a scarcely suppressed sneer, "were all false, and they failed; but this is true, and will succeed; and here are the two decent lads who will swear to it."

"Thru for you, Mr. Higgins," exclaimed the goose-plucker, "we can swear it."

"An' will, plaze God," added the tinker.

"But," asked Higgins, "why should not this *alibi* succeed as well as the one on which Martin Flanigan's clients got off last assizes on this circuit? There they had *two* witnesses a-side, and the jury believed the *alibi*; here we have only one swearing home for the prosecution, and *two* for the *alibi*, and still you are afraid."

"But, Higgins," I said, "there is great difference between this *alibi* and the case defended by Martin Flanigan—your *alibi* is set up for the prisoners, his was for the prosecutor. I was in court throughout the case, and the prosecutor proved that, on his way home, about nine o'clock at night, and very near his house, being accompanied by his wife, he was stopped, benten, and compelled to swear to leave his farm; the woman supported his testimony, and both of them identified the prisoners. To the surprise of all present, and, I believe, to the perfect astonishment of the prosecutor and his wife, two witnesses appeared who swore that, on the night and about the hour mentioned by the prosecutor, they had seen him and his wife on the quay of Spratstown, which was eighteen miles from their residence; that they were both intoxicated; and, eventually, the man was beaten by some country people whom he and his wife had insulted. The confronting of the witnesses was most amusing, but eventually the jury acquitted the prisoners. Now, in this case, you would be more easily credited by the jury, if you set up as a defence, that Judith Redmond, when the family left home, slipped out to meet her bachelor, and after spending about an hour at a distance of a couple of miles from home, found, at her return, the house robbed, and rather than acknowledge her own wanderings, laid the blame upon her next neighbors, the Molloyes."

"You may step down to court," said Higgins, "and I shall be after you very soon. Leave me that brief; I forgot to try and get a witness or two to give the poor fellows a character; at all events, I shall take the entire case again into my consideration."

I handed him the brief and departed. When I arrived at the court-house the grand juries had been

sworn and charged; and, a few bills of indictment having been sent before them to provide immediate employment for the crown court at its sitting next morning, the crier's monotonous voice announced the adjournment with the same indifference as a sexton feels in tolling the sound that marks the addition of another unit to the vast amount of human life already consigned to eternity, or in ringing the merry peal that greets the magnate's approach, or the union of lovers. The temple of human justice rapidly emptied. Alas! how few had been allured to cross its portals influenced solely by disinterested love of the divinity to whose service it was consecrated! As that crowd dispersed, its members carried with them large mental burdens of pride, cupidity, jealousy, revenge, deceit, fear, and hope. I stood for a few moments on the steps of that court-house, and allowed some recollections of the past to impart pleasure to my musing spirit; for it was a place in which an occasional visitor might find much to dwell on with satisfaction; even the prison under my feet has been celebrated by the descriptive powers of the O'Hara family, and the court from which I had just issued had witnessed the early professional successes of some of the best, brightest, and highest gifted of our country's sons.

But my meditations were dissipated by the approach of a man, who, dressed in a long blue great coat, with ample cape and high collar, and having his hat rather slouched, could not be very easily known even by those who had repeatedly seen him, and who stood within a few yards of me for some minutes before I recognized in him one of the worthies whom I had previously seen in Mr. Higgins' office, and from whom I immediately endeavored to increase my distance. The fellow followed my steps and evinced a great disposition to enter into conversation, but I walked briskly towards my lodgings, and gave, to one or two common-place inquiries which he addressed to me, replies short and discouraging. After I entered my lodgings I observed him at some distance in the street where he had been joined by his comrade, with whom he walked up and down the middle of the street for a short time, apparently engaged in close and earnest discourse. The brief had been left, along with some others, on my table; and I was gladdened with the sight of a murder, two or three minor homicides, a few respectable robberies, some unlawful oaths, and a Sabine marriage, indorsed on papers tied with red tape, under the knots of which the soft crisp notes were tucked—the silent notes of heart-reaching power, so persuasive, so conclusive in impressing an advocate with the highest opinion of his clients' merits. I took up the murder brief, and receipted the fee for defending a case perhaps wholly groundless, but, at all events, exaggerated; passing on to the manslaughters, I felt convinced that the deaths must have occurred accidentally or in self-defence; and this robbery—how often has an accusation of this crime originated in a foul conspiracy against—but what! this brief is for the prosecution, and the offence is pig-stealing. Oh, heavens! and can there be a wretch so mean, so low, so debased, as to steal a pig? Of course the owner was a poor, struggling, honest, industrious farmer, who had, perhaps, reared that pig from squeaking infancy to mature swinehood; and now, bereaved of his cherished property, he may be leaning in despondency against the wall of the vacant sty, and mourning that he hears not the

accustomed grunt. The villain guilty of this outrage must be convicted!—must be transported!!—in fact, but for the mistaken lenity of the laws relating to pig-stealing, he should be hanged!!!

I did not open the brief for the Molloyes, but merely observed that the name of a member of the inner bar was endorsed as my associate in the defence; he was a man totally destitute of literary taste, and of very inferior legal information; his language was ungrammatical, his delivery vulgar, his wit pungent and ready, his knowledge of human nature extensive and deep, and his facility of reading the mind through the countenance perfectly astonishing, whilst he possessed the most complete control over his own features, and none could ever surmise, by the expression of his face, the effect of any answer he elicited. I was well pleased to find such a senior counsel engaged as my leader; the case was free from legal difficulties; the main chance for the prisoners I believed to depend on the cross-examination of Judith Redmond, and I felt satisfied that she would be thoroughly sifted by one who, in that portion of his professional duty, had no superior.

I went to dinner, and at the mess my seat chanced to be next my colleague in the case; we had some chat on the prospect of the assizes, when he adverted to the defence for the Molloyes as being very extraordinary, and then I found that the plea had been altered, and, instead of setting up an *alibi* for the prisoners, it was briefed to us that Judith Redmond had been seen about one o'clock on the day of the robbery very near the village of Rock-pound, which was two miles at least from her master's dwelling, in company with a young man, who, after treating her at a *shebeen* departed on horseback, with Judith behind him on a *straw pillion*, and proceeded in the direction of Dillon's house. When my learned friend expressed his surprise at such a defence, he also declared his intention of cross-examining poor Judith most rigorously, and he kindly assigned to me the sifting of Dillon, and also of the stipendiary magistrate, if he should be produced, relative to some minor circumstances.

The next day elapsed, without the case of the Molloyes being entered into; but early on the succeeding morning it was commenced, and a more simple detail of noon-day outrage was never brought under the cognizance of a court. Poor Dillon swore to the obtaining of the notes, marking them, and locking them into his chest, and Judith narrated the unceremonious manner in which they had been abstracted, identifying the two Molloyes as the plunderers. Her cross-examination, by my learned senior, produced a great exhibition of ill-temper on her part. She had been accompanied to the court-house by a poor young man who had a wooden leg, and, at the suggestion of Mr. Higgins, it was insinuated that the fellow with the "timber shin" was a "well-wisher" of hers. This raised her into a storm of rage, and, in proportion to Judith's fury, was the fun of the auditory, and when her passion was at typhoon strength, she was questioned as to the attire of the persons who broke open Dillon's box; she hastily described them as wearing long blue outside coats, felt hats, corduroy small-clothes, and black woollen stockings, which articles constitute the costume of almost every peasant in the county. She could

not, consequently, take any particular note of their dress, as affording a facility of identifying the wearers. She was asked which of the prisoners entered the house before the other—she could not recollect; which of them laid hold of her—she answered, that both of them were engaged in pushing her into the room. She was then pressed as to what features of the prisoners' countenances she could safely swear to, when her previous statement had been, that their faces were disguised by strips of felt which were used as vizors; she said at once that *she knew them by their eyes*. The counsel asked her if either of the men who entered the house had spoken a word; and before she could answer the question, he directed the crier, who was standing on the table, to place himself behind the witness, and prevent her from looking at the prisoners. The witness answered, that neither of the prisoners had spoken at the time of the robbery, and the question was at once put as to what colored eyes the prisoners had; this she could not tell without looking at the men, and she was directed to "go down," with an exhibition of well assumed indignation at her recklessness of swearing. Then for the prisoners, commenced the testimony of the goose-plucker, succeeded by the tinker, who both swore that they saw Judith, on the day and at the time of the alleged robbery, at Rock-pound; that she was accompanied by a male friend, who had a "baste," and took her away behind him on a straw pillion. Before Judith's astonishment could subside, it was proposed to confront her and the goose-plucker, and never did a witness persevere in a statement with more brazen effrontery than did the man of feathers; she, in her agitation, denied having ever seen either of the witnesses, but she subsequently admitted that a man like Doyle had been at Dillon's "about the geese," and Corcoran subsequently detailed sundry instances of having done tinkering jobs at Dillon's, which she admitted were done, although she did not recollect the features of the workman. My learned friend suggested that, if the tinker was disguised with strips of hat felt, perhaps the witness could then swear to him without any danger of mistake, and with this sarcasm the case closed. The judge charged, and before the jury came out I had left the court along with Higgins. We had not proceeded far before the acquittal of the Molloyes was announced, amidst the shouting of their friends, and Mr. Higgins expressed the greatest satisfaction, adding, "that prudent fellows like them deserved to be acquitted; for," said he, "they burned the mallet and strips of felt in a lime-kiln close to their own house, and they had the bank notes stuffed into a bottle, well corked, and sunk in a bog-hole before the pursuit after them had commenced."

"But, Higgins," said I, "if the notes have been left there ever since, they may have imbibed moisture and been mildewed."

"Don't be alarmed about the notes imbibing moisture, my dear fellow," answered Higgins, "but go and imbibe a little yourself, for a few glasses of prime sherry would do you no harm after your day's work, and when you examine the fees you have received in this town, you will find amongst them a couple of pound notes of the Bank of Ireland, and each of them marked 'from Mr. Smithson—James Dillon.'"

From Household Words.

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.

The following narrative is not fictitious.* It has been taken down from the lips of the narrator, whose sufferings are described; with the object of showing what transportation, at the present time, really is.

MANY years ago—eventful years with me—I stood at the bar of a court of justice, and heard the terrible announcement of the judge, that I was to be transported to a penal colony for the remainder of my life. My innocence of the crime of which twelve men had, at the end of a long trial, declared me guilty, has since been established. I have not forgotten, nor shall I ever forget, with what emotions I rose, at the end of a trial which lasted a whole week, to make my last appeal, “in arrest of judgment.” My appeal was in vain; and, when I heard my principal fellow-prisoner, whom I then knew to be guilty, asserting in fewer words—though with scarcely less fervor—that he also was guiltless, I felt how little the most emphatic assertions of a prisoner could weigh with those who have had long experience in the administration of justice. Then, and not till then, a feeling of my utter helplessness came upon me. The complete isolation of the soul of every man from me, had never before presented itself so strongly to my mind. My fellow-prisoner has since acquitted me of all participation in his crime. How different, then, were the thoughts and feelings in our breasts, as we stood there side by side. Yet the crowd about us were as unable to look into the mind of the guilty man, as I was powerless to make known to them my own.

The present separate-celled prison omnibus had not come into use at that time; and, after the trial was over, myself and a batch of other prisoners were conveyed from Newgate in a long van open at the top and guarded by a policeman, in the place of a conductor, to the prison at Milbank. I was chained leg to leg with a man who had been twice convicted of burglary. The operation of riveting on the irons is a painful one, and is performed with as much rudeness and with as little feeling as it could have been done five centuries since—each stroke of the riveting hammer causing a sensation of pain something like tooth-drawing. It was a fine spring morning; and through the entrance of the vehicle, I caught a glimpse—perhaps, as I thought, for the last time—of the busy streets, already growing strange to me after the three months’ imprisonment which preceded my trial. I thought of how often I had passed through those very streets, as free and happy as any of the throng I saw there. Some stood to look at our vehicle; though most were too busy to take any heed of us. The sun was shining; the shopkeepers, here and there, were unfurling their street blinds, or watering the pavement in front of their doors. A water-cart had passed over one part of our route, and the air seemed so fresh to me, who had been used to the close atmosphere of a prison cell, that I could have shut my eyes and fancied myself in the country. The narrow strip of sky between the two lines of houses which we were able to observe above our roofless vehicle seemed bluer than it had ever been before; the colors of the shops were brighter; the people in the streets, men, women, and children, more neat and clean than when I had seen them last.

A business-like air was in the countenances of most of them. Every one seemed to be charged with an errand. I almost wondered to see them wending so gravely towards the city on such a fine morning. Yet how often I had been one of them and had never dreamed, unless by predetermination, of wandering away into the country on such a fine day to enjoy that liberty, of which I had never truly known the value until then.

It was indeed many a day before I saw again anything so refreshing as the sight of the streets in that half-hour’s ride. At Milbank I remained about two months. Meanwhile I heard nothing of what had passed in the world outside the walls of my prison—what was the public opinion upon my sentence; or whether the efforts of my few friends on my behalf were likely to prove successful. One night, however, I learnt from a turnkey—a kind-hearted man—that one of my fellow-prisoners (not the principal one) had confessed his guilt, and had exonerated me from all participation in it; but I heard no more. Nothing occurred to show that this circumstance exercised a favorable influence over my fate. Indeed, I knew that such confessions have ordinarily little effect. I was, therefore, not surprised when I heard from the officer on duty, as he looked into my cell one night, that we were to be removed early on the following morning.

At about four o’clock we were accordingly called forth, and ordered to put on an entirely new suit of clothes, consisting of a coarse brown serge jacket, waistcoat, breeches, stockings, highlows, and a particularly frightful skull-cap. All the articles appeared to have been selected at random, without the slightest reference to the dimensions of the wearer; the jacket would have enveloped two such bodies as mine, and the breeches scarcely came down to my knees. A few minutes were allowed for the slipping on of these garments; after which every man received a hunch of bread, and we were equipped for a voyage of seventeen thousand miles. We were formed in line, and handcuffed two and two; a heavy iron chain, in addition, being passed through a ring of the handcuff, so as to fasten about a dozen of us together. The signal was then given to march; and we proceeded, under a strong guard of the prison officers with muskets loaded, down to the river side in front of the prison, to embark.

Notwithstanding the early hour, a number of persons were there to watch the process of embarkation. Whatever may be said of the failure of the government in the systems for the treatment of convicts, they have been eminently successful in rendering their appearance abject and pitiable; when to the ugliness of the clothing was added the total disregard of bulk and stature, the appearance of some of our party was perfectly ludicrous. The nether garments of one man, intended to reach to the knee only, had to be buttoned a little above his ankles; whilst those of others did not extend to the knee. Two hundred and twenty of us were conveyed in three drafts on board a steamer in waiting to convey us. Our boat contained seventy. I could not help thinking of water parties of a different character; but, upon the whole, my mind was more tranquil than I could have expected. I endeavored, as far as possible, to step out of myself and to speculate upon the history and character of those who, with one exception, were strangers to me; but who were now to be my companions by night and day, for at

* It looks like the case of Mr. Barber.—*Liv. Age.*
CCCCXXIV. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXIV. 38

least four months; and to wonder if there was one among them with whom I might hope to beguile the long and wearisome days and nights of the coming voyage.

At Milbank we had been kept upon the silent and solitary system. The restraint being removed aboard the steamer, every man seemed determined to make up for lost time. Many had been former acquaintances, and had a world of news to exchange. Nothing could have produced a stranger effect than their conduct, contrasted with their abject appearance, condition, and prospects. They laughed, jested and sang; and, despite the chains with which they were loaded, some of them even danced. My nearest neighbor was one of the merriest. He exulted in the many escapes he had had, and in the fact that, after all, he was only transported for ten years.

At Woolwich we were put aboard the convict ship; every man as he descended into the hold being numbered on the back, like one of a flock of sheep. The centre of the vessel was appropriated to the prisoners, and was divided into compartments, each accommodating eight men, with a square table and seats of portable deal boards, arranged in tiers—above and below—all round. At night these were so disposed as to form sleeping berths. If any one will imagine a long room filled with pauper coffins with the lids off, he will have a good idea of our dormitory. Our irons were immediately knocked off; but, on the following morning, we were one at a time summoned on deck and ironed more heavily, having a ring round the ankle, with a long heavy chain attached to another ring. This we dragged about with us till my leg was severely excoriated; and getting in and out of my sleeping berth, and going up and down the ladder became a difficult task. I have since learnt that it is not usual to chain prisoners on the voyage, except for misconduct; and I believe that my fellow-prisoners had to attribute this to the accident of my being among their number. But if they thus suffered on my account, Heaven knows I suffered enough on theirs during the voyage; for petty offences were frequently committed, of which the particular authors could not be detected; consequently all were punished by increased privations. During our stay at Woolwich, the prisoners were allowed to write to their friends, and to take a last farewell of those who might choose to visit them, although strangers were compelled to remain in a boat alongside, and were not allowed to come aboard. So disfigured were they by their dress and close-cut hair, that wives could scarcely recognize their own husbands. A gentleman who had known me from childhood said, "If I had not heard your voice, I could not believe it was yourself." Excepting some affecting leave-takings, the time was spent in great hilarity. Some of the prisoners' friends brought them a little money; and it was mysteriously hinted to me by one of the officers of the vessel, that a round Dutch cheese, scooped out and filled with sovereigns, would be found useful; but I was unable to avail myself of his counsel. Some tea, which was afterwards stolen from me, and a few shillings were all my viaticum. There was a subscription for a violin; but it was subsequently found that no one was capable of playing on it. Nevertheless, without music and with a heavy chain clanking to one leg, some danced as if they had been in a booth at a fair. They were also allowed to make purchases of the "bumboat-man," who appeared to enjoy a

monopoly of this branch of government patronage. He supplied a variety of trifling articles, such as cakes, fruit, needles, thread, tin plates, &c., at a profit of about one hundred and fifty per cent.; but his customers contrived to square the account in a way peculiarly their own; for, while he was extorting an undue profit on the one hand, his basket was generally robbed by adroit thieves on the other.

In the river, our rations consisted of biscuits, soup, and cocoa, night and morning. At sea, we had salt meat with a pudding—pleasantly termed plum-pudding—but he was lucky indeed who found a plum in his slice. On alternate days we had pork and pea-soup. Each man received an iron spoon and a tin pot, but no plates, knives or forks. Upon a kind hint from the surgeon (who is the representative of government in a convict ship), I had purchased a tin plate, although, as I was the only member of my mess who indulged in this luxury, it exposed me to some coarse ridicule; but as I bore this with good-humor, my companions (seven more desperate characters could not well have been found) were soon reconciled to me and my tin plate. The food was delivered to one of every eight men, who was called the captain of the mess. He then divided it—meat or pudding—into eight lots; and these were laid in two rows on the mess table. To prevent partiality, one of the mess was selected to name the several owners, turning his back, whilst another, placing his hand on the tempting lump, cried out "Who shall?" I subsequently, however, discovered that under this ostentatious parade of fair play there lurked the grossest injustice; for, having noticed that both the parties engaged in dealing out "even-handed justice," always got the largest portions, and that their office was regarded as a privilege, I was led to inquire of one of the mess during the voyage, and learnt that there was a well understood confederacy between the adjudicators.

Our ship was of five hundred and sixty tons burden; and besides the ordinary complement of seamen, carried a military guard of fifty men. The entire management of the two hundred and twenty prisoners was confided to the surgeon, whose duties were both arduous and dangerous; for it was impossible for him to avoid incurring the ill-will of some of the more desperate characters. We had also a chaplain, who read prayers every day in the prison, when the sea was not too rough; and on Sundays performed divine service on deck, which we all attended.

The day fixed for our departure had (as is customary) been studiously concealed from us. One morning we were towed down the river, and about two miles out into the Channel. The time passed at Woolwich—from the corresponding with friends, dealings with the bumboat-man, the temporary enjoyment of little luxuries of which they had been long deprived, the revival of old acquaintances, the exchange of news and of messages, the eager examination of newspapers occasionally, though secretly introduced—was one of comparative enjoyment to most of the prisoners. But there were those who, like myself, clung to the hope that they would yet be snatched from the abyss of misery which lay before them. The bumboat-man's basket had no attraction for them, nor could they enjoy any of the gratifications placed for a moment within their reach. They corresponded continually with their friends, scanned with eager anxiety every boat that came alongside, and ob-

served with wistful eye every post delivery. Circumstances did justify hopes in some; but they sank as the vessel got rapidly out to sea. Still many clung to them; adverse winds might keep us in the Downs, where a countermand might yet be received. These hopes were, however, in no case realized. Order and quiet was now maintained; but the men generally were much depressed as we gradually lost sight of land, and began to speculate upon the sufferings which awaited them. Our place of destination was generally understood (although that was kept as secret as possible) to be Norfolk Island.

Once at sea, and every hope being cut off for the present, I resolved to submit myself as cheerfully as possible to my strange fate, and to endeavor to be useful to my fellow-prisoners; trusting that my life might be spared through the dangers of a long sea voyage, and the hardships of a penal settlement, until that day of justice and reinstatement in society which I never doubted would, sooner or later, arrive. I was made librarian, chaplain's clerk, and inspector of the night watch; so that, although my miseries were neither few nor trifling, the want of occupation was not one of the number. The books constituting the library were supplied by various charitable societies; they were selected with care, being confined to religious and scientific subjects popularly treated, excluding such as would convey information that was likely to be misapplied. Many were on natural history with plates, and these were much sought after by those who could not read—a large proportion. Our books were a blessing, and I am persuaded had a good effect upon the minds and feelings. There were about one hundred volumes, great and small; and notwithstanding they were in constant circulation, there was not one deficient at the end of the voyage.

The authorities aboard were very jealous of books upon nautical and geographical subjects. On one occasion, the captain, noticing a volume of "Guthrie's Geography" in a prisoner's hand, immediately seized and threw it overboard. It was supposed that information might be derived from such sources which would tempt the prisoners to endeavor to take the ship, and effect their escape; and, in truth, the practicability of this was a favorite topic; especially with those who had been transported before, and who had pretty accurate information as to instances of both success and failure in the seizing of ships, as well by crews as by convicts. Our irons had been taken off on first getting to sea, and it was said that the capture of the ship and an escape to the coast would be easy, if the prisoners were true to each other. The successful seizure of the Wellington by convicts on its way from Sydney to Norfolk Island, as well as the famous mutiny of the *Bounty*, were quoted as instances of the facility with which the object might be accomplished. It was generally believed that a sudden rush upon the poop would settle the matter—that the sentinels would, in a moment, be overpowered and disarmed. Amongst the prisoners were several old sailors who, it was believed, would be able to steer the ship should the mates prove refractory. Nothing, I believe, prevented the attempt but the consciousness that there were those among themselves who would have been as much opposed to their design as the captain himself, and who would have frustrated it, if there had been any serious intention of carrying it into execution. Before we were well out of the channel

we encountered a severe gale, which carried away our fore-topgallant mast and royal. A great number of the prisoners were sea-sick. When it is remembered how wretched is the saloon of even a first-class steamer occupied by the most civilized of human beings, with convenient berths, attentive stewards, and all suitable appliances, some faint, but very inadequate idea may be gained of the loathsome and miserable circumstances in which I was placed, with one third of our party sea-sick, and no provision made for such a state of things.

We had not been a month at sea when the small-pox broke out amongst us; although, by the exertions of the medical officer, it was confined to six of our number. A young man, whom I had previously remarked as one of the finest and most robust-looking aboard, fell a victim. He was committed to the deep in the usual manner; the church service being read by the chaplain, and I acting as clerk. All the prisoners were assembled on deck, and many of them seemed affected. For myself I rejoiced that, although a transported convict, and in spite of my degrading dress and miserable condition, I could respond without shame to the beautiful prayers of the burial service. The rest recovered; and, after this, the general health was very good. We had no vegetables, except some preserved potatoes, which only lasted three weeks.

Before we arrived at the Cape we kept too far out at sea to catch more than shadowy glimpses of the land; these, however, sufficed for topics of conversation, especially as we were enabled to learn from day to day the exact progress we made. The most distinct view we obtained of any land was of Gough's Island, in 40 degrees, 19 minutes latitude, and 7 degrees, 30 minutes west longitude; six days after sighting which we bore up for the Cape, at the request of the surgeon, who represented to the captain that the health of the prisoners required rest and the support of fresh provisions for a few days. Flights of pigeons indicated the approach of land, though still five hundred miles distant. The water lost its deep blue tint, and the swell of the waves grew less and less. We entered Symon's Bay seventy-one days after leaving Woolwich. When one lynx-eyed man declared he could see a team of four horses with a driver, his assertion produced a loud laugh; but when its motion was distinctly observable, and nearer approach confirmed the fact that it actually was a man driving a wagon with four horses, the excitement was immense. The weather was very fine. The bay is in the form of a horse-shoe, shut in with mountains, the slopes of which are green to the water's edge, and dotted far and wide with white villas.

I cannot express the intense desire I felt to land and to explore the regions beyond those mountains; which, to my imagination, concealed a paradise. I would at that moment have accepted my liberty, even if the country had been inhabited by cannibals. I cannot, therefore, be surprised—with the beautiful shores stretched so temptingly around us—at the numerous plans of escape which were anxiously discussed during the few days we remained in the bay; especially as it was the first and last time in the course of the voyage that such a temptation would occur. A party of four of the prisoners made a desperate effort. Three of them were employed about the ship, and had, therefore, facilities for making arrangements for flight. They were not compelled to descend into the prison dun-

geon, like the rest of us, an hour before sunset. The fourth answered to his name at the evening muster, but slipped back instead of descending the ladder, and concealed himself upon deck until midnight; when all four glided stealthily down the ship's side, and struck out for the shore. Whether they eluded the sentinels, or were in collusion with them, was not known; but, as it was one of the brilliant moonlight nights of those latitudes, and the bay was perfectly calm, they could hardly have escaped the observation of the sentinels on duty. The vessel lay at anchor in the centre of the bay, which at that part is three miles broad; so that land, at the nearest point, which they could hardly have ventured to approach—guard being constantly on duty there—was a mile and a half distant. But they calculated upon getting rest upon the anchor chains of other vessels lying between our ship and the shore. They found their strength, however, less than they had expected, for they had not allowed for the weakening effects of a two months' voyage upon wretched and unvaried diet. Three of them turned back, and with great difficulty regained the ship—indeed, but for the help of one of them, who was a good swimmer and a man of extraordinary muscular power, the other two would have been drowned. The fourth man firmly refused to turn back, preferring as he said death itself to Norfolk Island. The three who returned were found at daylight upon deck, their clothes saturated with the salt water, and were reported. The surgeon, upon discovering the escape of one of his men, was much excited; information was given to the authorities ashore; scouts were despatched to Cape Town, and in all directions, but no tidings were obtained of the runaway. By some it was conjectured that he had been snapped under by one of the sharks with which the bay abounds. This was a man to whom I had been chained leg to leg at Newgate. He had been a steward on board a ship, and had frequently been at Cape Town. There is no doubt, therefore, that he had planned all along to get away at this point. He was transported a second time for house-breaking; the commission of which crime he did not deny. Indeed, it was by no means usual for the prisoners among themselves to deny their guilt; nor was there any inducement to do so. On the contrary, such a pretence, if credited, only produced distrust, from the want of community of feeling, views, interests, and principles, which form the only bond among those unhappy men. A convict who said, "I am innocent," was in danger of the fate of the white crow, whose brethren picked out his eyes simply from the different color of his plumage.

Like all the other offences of my fellow-captives, this escape drew down upon the whole of us increased privations. The surgeon hastened our departure; and, during the rest of our stay, we were almost always kept below; getting only an occasional peep at the magnificent coast through the port-holes. We were restricted from making little purchases—which had been permitted before—of oranges, eggs, salt fish, and Cape wine; all of which were extremely cheap, and were brought alongside by a very fine specimen of the Hottentot race, who spoke English about as well as the Chinese Comprador at Canton, or the market woman at Boulogne or Calais. Nearly all my leisure, during my stay here, was spent in writing letters to my friends and to persons of influence in

England; no less than nineteen of which I despatched by different opportunities.

On the seventh day after entering this beautiful bay a favorable breeze sprang up, and we set sail for Norfolk Island. After doubling the Cape, we got into the Trade Winds; which continued with us—although at times very light almost to a dead calm—for the rest of our voyage. Flights of albatrosses and other sea birds accompanied us; wheeling about the ship in graceful circles, and occasionally darting down and soaring up again with some small fish in their beaks. To shoot them was a favorite amusement with the civil and military officers aboard.

We had left the Cape about three weeks, when there was a general murmuring among the men, which some of the more desperate sought to kindle into open mutiny. At the commencement of our voyage there had been exhibited on deck a table showing the rations to which we were entitled under the contractor's agreement with the government; and in it was the item of "two gallons of wine each," to be given in the course of the voyage. This had a smack of luxury with it which seemed out of keeping with the rest of our miserable dietary; but experience had shown that prisoners become so reduced by a four months' voyage, crowded together to suffocation, as absolutely to require some slight stimulant, and, accordingly, this modicum of wine (Cape) was ordered, and came under the head of "medical comforts." This had been served out to each man mixed with lime-juice—a gill at a time once a week. As even the allowance had not commenced until we had been some time at sea, it was evident that, at this rate, there would be a large surplus at the end of the voyage. We were in about forty degrees of latitude; and, with our slender clothing and reduced condition, suffered severely from cold. The more evil-disposed insisted that keeping back the wine was a deliberate fraud—a foretaste of the cruelty and injustice in store for them, and hinted that any fate was better than Norfolk Island, where all chance of escape would be cut off. They compared their own strength with the military guard, counted up many soldiers and sailors who would, they believed, desert to their side upon the first outbreak. I observed more attention was paid to these dangerous suggestions than formerly; and, amongst a considerable party of the oldest prisoners, there seemed a more fixed and serious purpose. Thinking it probable that the surgeon, who had shown great zeal and humanity hitherto, had proper reasons for reserving the wine, I was loath to interfere; but the aspect of affairs was every day becoming more alarming. Men left their berths and debated in clusters, for hours together, various schemes for seizing the ship. In this state of things, I suggested that we should respectively memorialize the surgeon on the subject. My proposal was at first very jeeringly received; but some of the better disposed approving of it, the rest agreed, believing, and I fear hoping, that the memorial would be treated as an impertinence, and thus fan the flame they had kindled. I immediately prepared an address; expressing our gratitude for the medical skill and kindness we had received, and respectively stating our complaint as to the wine. This being signed by the captain of each of the different messes on behalf of the whole, I forwarded it to the surgeon, with a note stating the circumstances

which had induced me to interfere. In a few minutes he came down, and said that withholding the wine was the result of a miscalculation, and assured us that we should receive the remainder in double allowances daily for the future—a promise which he faithfully observed. This kept the men in good-humor for the rest of the voyage, and the evil counsels, which were every now and then repeated by some of the most desperate, failed of their intended effect.

Between the Cape and Norfolk Island, a distance of about ten thousand miles, we only sighted one sail, which was believed to be an American whaler. I had hoped to catch a glimpse of the little volcanic island of St. Paul's; but, for the sake of a stronger and steadier wind, our captain kept a much higher latitude than is usual, and we passed the island at about three hundred miles to the south.

Among my two hundred and twenty companions, I found one—I am sorry to say only one—in whose society and conversation I found solace and amusement. He was a fine young man, with an intelligent countenance, and not quite twenty-one years of age. His was a sad story. He had been a merchant's clerk, and in an evil hour had been tempted by the offer of a promising speculation to create himself a capital by forging acceptances. These he renewed as they became due, until an accident led to his detection. He had a young wife, to whom he had been married only three months. On the very night of his apprehension he had been reading aloud to her "The Diary of a late Physician;" and, having finished one of the short stories, he turned the page, and his eye caught the title of the next. It was the episode of the "Forger." He hesitated a moment; but, as he told me, he felt his wife's eye upon him, and a guilty fear of awakening her suspicions compelled him to read on. The details of the story sank deep into his heart, and he observed with a superstitious dread his wife's intense interest in the hero of the narrative. He had not laid down the book an hour, when the officer of justice arrived; he was torn from his wife, tried, and convicted. He had read extensively, and possessed an extraordinary memory—would to Heaven that all who are tempted to sin, as he had sinned, might picture to themselves his mental suffering! Sometimes we spent many hours of the night together, standing at the foot of our berths, discoursing of every conceivable subject that could serve to lift him for a while above the feeling of his degraded position; but there were periods when he sank into a low despondency for days together. In vain I sought to cheer him with the prospect of future liberty, and an honorable career that should atone for past error, far away from the scene of his first crime.

We had now left England three months; yet this period seemed to me a life of misery, to which all my previous career was but a short prologue. My sufferings, both mental and physical, had much weakened me, and there were times when I found it hard to keep that hopeful and patient tone of mind, with which I had tried to go through the voyage. It was monstrous and incredible (I thought) that I, who had never offended against the laws of my country, should be there suffering the most terrible punishment, short of death, which had been devised for the worst of ruffians; and when my mind was overwrought by this thought I marvelled at the tameness with which I had endured it. I remember once endeavoring to

trace those ideas of the duty of bearing injustice with patience, to their origin; and it seemed to me that I had been cheating myself all along with the maxims of those who had never suffered as I had, or had even imagined such a case as mine. These gloomy thoughts visited me mostly at night-time; and, although the morning generally brought with it a calmer feeling and a more reasonable consideration of the uselessness of anything I might say or do to ameliorate my condition, I could not help, while the mood lasted, feeling impatient and discontented with myself, as if I had "lacked gall to make oppression bitter."

My dreams since my conviction had been almost invariably of a painful nature. The bustle of the day, and the routine of duties to which I had now become accustomed, served to occupy my mind; but, on finding myself alone, the feeling of my misfortunes weighed heavily upon me, and in my sleep this sense seemed to give birth to every possible variety of fearful and distressing imagination. Once, and once only, do I distinctly remember dreaming of my former condition. It was on the night after we had been promised the increased allowance of wine. This trifling piece of good fortune, and the satisfaction I felt in having removed a cause of discontent breaking the dreary monotony of convict life, were sufficient to beget in me better spirits. My hopes for the future grew brighter that night, and the miseries of the past seemed to me soon about to be forgotten in happier times. Thus, in spite of the intense cold, and our scanty bed clothing, I fell asleep. Then it was, that with no fear of the gun of the sentry, or the hard life-struggle with the waves which had probably overcome my unhappy comrade, I slipped away from that dungeon floating on the wide ocean; and, in an instant, retracing all our long and wearisome voyage, was again in England, in my old home. There was little remarkable in the dream itself. I was merely living again one of the ordinary days of my previous life. But how strange that there was no presentiment of coming evil, no wonderment at my own intense delight in the commonest things of life! How strange to have been shown the time to come, with all its terrible experiences; and then to drink a Lethe draught, and slipping back again, to have no memory of it—every thought and recollection of what I had suffered shuffled off with my degrading garments, and left behind in that gloomy ship's hold; where, but a moment before, I had lain down to sleep with my miserable companions. I was at home. Faces of old friends were there. The same furniture was about the room, the same pictures upon the walls; but the table was strewn with strange books in rich and curious binding, which I was examining and wondering how they came there. Blessed dream! not a whit less sweet or real while it lasted than if its magic flight and freedom had been true.

I do not know how long this fancy lasted, but I think I had been dreaming all the time I had been asleep. At all events I was still amid the same scene, when I felt some one shake me, and heard a voice calling me by name. No wonder that the spell was broken at the well-known sound of that voice. It was the man whom I loathed as the author of all my misfortunes, and with whom I had been supposed to have been associated in guilt. I had not known that it was his turn to watch that night, for I had studiously avoided all intercourse with him from the day of my sentence. It was

the duty of the watchman to awaken me to relieve him, and thus, by a strange fatality, it fell to him to arouse me from the only dream of happiness vouchsafed to me during the voyage.

It may be of interest to the reader to know something of the routine of management of the convicts on the voyage. The medical superintendent, as I have mentioned, is invested with absolute control over the prisoners, and is responsible for their safety. He was assisted in our vessel by two overseers who had been non-commissioned officers in the army, and were to be overseers in Norfolk Island; one of them was, by his own account, as profligate and unprincipled a vagabond as ever I met with. The most recent piece of scoundrelism which this officer—selected for carrying out the great probation system—frequently related and chuckled over to the prisoners, was a promise of marriage he had made to a servant, who was to accompany him to enjoy his “colonial appointment,” and by which he had got her watch and several years’ savings. The latter fact was considered highly amusing, and contributed not a little to his popularity. He had promised to marry her on a day when he knew that the ship would have been at least a week at sea. As it eventually turned out, the maiden was not so easily disposed of; for she took a passage shortly after in another ship; and, on her arrival in the colony, demanded the fulfilment of his promise, under pain of an exposure; which it seems the wretch had not the courage to brave. Whether matrimony, under the circumstances, made either of the parties happy, is more than I can say.

At six o’clock every morning, the prison door was unlocked by one of these overseers, who called out “Beds up!” whereupon every man arose from his berth, rolled up his bedding—consisting of a thin mattress and one blanket, and took them on deck, where they remained all day to be aired. Then the floor of the prison was scraped and swept in turns by the prisoners who did not fulfil any special office—such as schoolmaster, clerk, captain of the mess. The captains received the day’s rations for their respective messes. Those who liked it got something of a wash with salt water, introduced from the forecabin with a leathern pipe. Ablutions performed under such difficulties led to many practical jokes, and not a few battles. At eight o’clock, a pint of cocoa was served out to each man; which, with his biscuit, made his breakfast. Immediately afterwards school was commenced, books were distributed, and exchanged; the surgeon examined the sick, heard complaints, and awarded punishments. These consisted of confinement below decks, heavy chains, imprisonment in a kind of sentry-box on deck, resembling a Chinese cage, in which the inmate can neither sit, lie down, nor stand upright. We had only one case of flogging. In the afternoon, we usually had prayers read by the chaplain; sometimes with a moral exordium, which was delivered in an impressive and earnest manner. At five o’clock we had a pint of tea. Neither our tea nor our cocoa bore much resemblance to the beverages which I had previously known under those names; but they were warm and comforting. At six o’clock the beds were taken down and arranged; and at half-past six we were mustered, and returned, one by one, to our prison, where we were locked in—a sentinel, with loaded musket and fixed bayonet, being placed at the door. Our night was thus nearly twelve hours long. It being

too dark to read, and, as it was impossible to sleep much more than half the time, I was compelled; for four or five hours every night, to hear little else than narratives of offences and criminal indulgences, of the most revolting character. Obscene and blasphemous songs were nightly composed and sung; and schemes for future crimes were proposed and discussed, with a coolness which I shudder to call to mind. The only check on them was the sentinel at the door, who now and then thrust his bayonet between the bars, when it was getting late or the men were unusually uproarious, and called out “silence.”

Our voyage occupied one hundred and twenty-four days; and—when it is considered that one-half of that time was passed in this loathsome place, in darkness, and with such companions—some idea may be formed of what I suffered in this comparatively small portion of my captivity. I have not dwelt upon the miseries which, in addition to those inflicted on all my companions, were peculiarly my own; but I can sincerely say, that not for a dukedom would I pass such another four months.

We had, however, now and then, a little fun; one of the most prolific sources of which was the exquisite power of mimicry possessed by a diminutive, sickly-looking youth. The second overseer was an Irishman, who not only spoke an unusually broad brogue, but exhibited many ludicrous national characteristics. These were caught with the truth of a mirror (only adding a little interest) by our humorous companion; and the object of his ridicule never appeared in sight but an ill-suppressed burst of laughter was heard at his expense. The clever young rogue became an object of even more fear than aversion to our overseer; who would walk half round the prison and back again, rather than encounter his terrible foe.

In the course of the voyage, I took every opportunity of informing myself, as far as possible, of the history and character of my companions, both from themselves and their fellow-convicts. No mixed society of free and unconvicted persons could well present greater variety, both morally and intellectually, than these men. There was Dick Pearson, a man of middle age who, though he called himself a sailor, was quite a specimen of the transported convict. He had lived, even from boyhood, by highway robbery, burglary, and other offences of a most daring character. He had been convicted fifteen times, and had already served one penalty of seven years’ transportation. There was scarcely a known crime in which this man was not an adept, or a prison within twenty miles of the metropolis of which he had not been an occupant. To obtain as full an insight as possible into the criminal mind, to judge how far there was any hope of reclaiming such men, and what was most likely to lead to reform, I frequently conversed with Dick and others of his class. In exchange, he asked me a variety of questions upon geography—a kind of curiosity which, as I have already stated, was regarded with much suspicion by the authorities. Indeed, among the convicts, he made no secret that his object was to obtain such information as might be useful to them, if they succeeded in his favorite project of seizing the ship. That he was capable of putting into execution such a design, subsequent events at Norfolk Island sufficiently proved. Upon one occasion, Dick ventured to hint the great possibility of a successful mutiny, as he knew that it would be supported by several

of the sailors, and even by some of the military guard; which latter statement was, I am afraid, true. I pointed out to him the preparations which had been made to resist such an attempt, the small chance of victory, the increased suffering which would be entailed upon all the prisoners in case of failure, and that even success could only be purchased by much bloodshed on both sides. This, he said, he considered would be fully justified to obtain their liberty; the faintest hope of which, he thought, well worth the peril of their lives. The attempt to escape at Symon's Bay was planned by him; and subsequently, on landing, he was the ringleader of a more serious and desperate conspiracy for effecting the escape of a large body of the prisoners from Norfolk Island.

How different a character was poor, meek, good-hearted Stoven! He was about fifty years old, and had been for many years a respectable stockbroker. Being unfortunate in some speculations into which he was drawn, he applied himself to that last refuge of the intelligent destitute, the business of a schoolmaster—the profits of which were never adequate to support his large family in decency. In emergencies he had been in the habit of applying to his brother—a wealthy member of one of the learned professions—who occasionally assisted him. On his last application for an advance of five pounds, the brother was unfortunately absent from England; and Stoven, goaded by the sufferings of his family, unhappily conceived the idea of forging his brother's acceptance for the amount of which he had asked the loan; intending, as he assured me, to acquaint his brother of it, persuading himself that he would forgive him and provide for the payment, if he should himself be unable to do so. His moderation, however, was his destruction; for the bill fell into the hands of a gentleman who knew his brother, and expressed his surprise at seeing an acceptance of his in circulation for so insignificant a sum. The brother naturally denied having put his name to any such bill. Inquiries were made, and he was compelled to give evidence against his own brother, to consign him to convict infamy, and, as it proved, to death. He died a victim to the privations and misery of the voyage.

Then we had one of the Rebeccaits. He had been a small farmer in South Wales, and had taken a prominent part in the practical resistance to the turnpike extortion; against which he and his neighbors had petitioned and protested in vain. It has been said that a man cannot unknowingly commit a crime. In a moral sense, at least, this is true; and Morgan, so far from being cognizant of crime, I have no doubt, firmly believed he was discharging his duty to himself and his neighbors. Throughout the voyage, and subsequently in Norfolk Island, the conduct of this man—and of some others of his countrymen (with the exception of one man, a desperate ruffian), who, for a similar offence, were suffering with him—was sufficient to show that they were the unlikeliest of men to be guilty of a moral crime. Dick Pearson, poor Stoven, and Morgan, who may be considered as types of classes aboard, were all members of one mess, enduring the same sufferings (if Dick, hardened as he was, suffered at all), and all with the same sentence of seven years' transportation.

Considering our miserable plight as to clothing, food, and everything else, it might be supposed that the thievish propensities of the men must, perforce, have remained in abeyance. Not a day

or night, however, passed without some robbery. The worst of them seemed to take a delight in "keeping their hands in," no matter how contemptible the prize might be. Knives being forbidden, fragments of tin plates, to serve roughly the purpose of cutting, were eagerly sought for. As I have mentioned, a tin pint pot was delivered to every prisoner at the commencement of the voyage, which served to receive his cocoa, as well as his pea-soup. I had not been at sea a couple of days when I found that mine had been changed. But, as they were scarcely distinguishable one from the other, I gave the new comer a thorough cleaning, and adopted it in lieu of my own. The very next day, however, a man sidled up to my mess, and suddenly clapping his hand upon the pot, exclaimed, "Halloa! what are you a-doing with my tin pot?" "How do you know it is yours?" I inquired. "There's my mark at the side," he replied, "and there should be a round O at the bottom." I turned it up; and, seeing the mark of identity referred to, felt bound to surrender it. The pot was received with an appearance of indignation, and I was treated as if I had attempted to do a dirty trick, and advised "not to try that game on again." My messmates chuckled at the scene; and it was subsequently explained to me that this trick of exchanging was a common trick amongst prisoners. I suffered much inconvenience in consequence for several days; and, for want of my pot to receive them, was deprived of my rations of cocoa, tea, and soup. At length I got another; for, happening to mention the trick which had been played me to one of the prisoners, a rough fellow with a most ferocious cast of countenance, he insisted upon my taking his, saying he would try to get the use of his messmates', and reminding me that I had written a letter for him at Woolwich—a circumstance which it is not remarkable that I had forgotten, as I had written at least fifty while in the river. I had, indeed, frequent proofs that a kindness is sometimes long remembered, and often gratefully required, by even the worst of criminals.

Towards the end of our voyage, and when about three hundred miles from Norfolk Island, we encountered a terrific storm. The Pacific is like Othello's mind, "not easily moved; but, being wrought, vexed in the extreme." For two or three days, it had presented an appearance little in accordance with its name; and, on this night, the storm increased to a hurricane. During the whole night the hatches were fastened down, and we could do nothing but lie and listen to the frequent breaking and long roll of the thunder, the rushing of water over the decks, and the terrific howling of the wind in the rigging. Nothing could be more helpless than our condition in the event of any disaster to the ship. A compact mass of human life closed; fastened down; the narrow outlet strongly barred. We were perfectly helpless. We could hear the din of the sailors running to and fro; and in the intervals of the thunder, their responsive, "Ay, ay, sir," to the orders of their captain. At every plunge of the vessel, all seemed to wait in breathless expectation that it was about to founder; but again and again we rose, and the lightning flashing through our tiny portholes, showed distinctly every object in the prison. It was curious to observe the effect of terror upon some of the most hardened of my companions. The most noisy were silent then. Some, who at other times were accustomed to hold in

contempt a more civilized mind, asked me—with a tone of civility which I had never experienced from them before—my opinion upon our situation. Men, who were perhaps in action the most daring, finding no resource in their own minds in that terrible and helpless state, appealed to me—as to an oracle—as to “whether we should go to the bottom;” to which, of course, I could only reply, that in comparison with the number of safe voyages, shipwrecks were extremely rare, and that we were in the hands of a skilful captain.

Our near approach to Norfolk Island was regarded with different feelings by the men. The greater part, who detested regular labor above all things, would, I think, have preferred to spend the rest of their “lagging” aboard the ship. For my own part, I had an unspeakable desire to leave it; hoping that, whatever fresh sufferings might await me, I should at least be placed in less close contiguity with the rest of the prisoners. At length, after a voyage of four calendar months, we came in sight of our place of captivity. We first saw Nepean Island, which at a distance had an extremely hard and repulsive appearance; but, as the main island came to view, the magnificent Norfolk Island pine trees had an imposing and pleasing aspect. Here and there we had glimpses of the richly wooded slopes which adorn all the islands of the Pacific.

There being no harbor, we lay off about a mile from the coral reefs, the captain exchanging signals with the shore; shortly after which a boat came alongside, rowed by prisoners. We were conveyed ashore under a guard of soldiers in each boat. It was remarkable that after a voyage of seventeen thousand miles, several of my companions were, in this passage of about a mile from the ship to the shore, sea-sick. This was doubtless owing to the new motion of the boat. True to their instincts, they continued to rob one another to the last. One prisoner had a pair of Wellington boots stolen from him in the boat; having on his way to the shore taken them off for some purpose. They were purloined by two other prisoners, who had shared the plunder between them, each being discovered with an odd boot (much too small to be of any use to him) concealed in his trowsers, which, having been selected with that disregard for the dimensions of the wearer already mentioned, afforded him ample space for the concealment of any booty of the kind. Two of the guard also complained that they had been robbed of “sticks” of tobacco.

On the morning of our landing, a calm had succeeded the storm. The cloudless sky had a brilliant hue known only in that delightful parallel of latitude, which borders on a tropical climate. I felt cheered by the sight of land, and by the healthful breezes which fanned us as we left the ship. I was prepared to meet great hardships; but I did not expect the horrors which awaited me. In happy ignorance, my feelings were rather of an agreeable kind, as I first set foot on that paradise; which, changed by the wickedness of man, has been since termed, “The Ocean Hell.”

As I stood upon the beach, waiting for the remainder of the prisoners from the ship, and musing upon the strange destiny which had cast me among such companions, I could not help comparing my position, society, and prospects with those of that day twelve months. It was the 9th of November, the day of the great city festival, and I remembered well the 9th of November previously, a different

kind of day to that bright cloudless morning. I was then enjoying a large income, with the brightest prospects. What a catalogue of ills I had suffered in those twelve months! The wreck of all that I possessed in the world; the estrangement of friends, the severance from those I dearly loved, imprisonment in three different dungeons, branded with all but a capital crime, transported for life to the worst of all penal settlements.

As the precise time of our arrival could not of course be previously known, no preparations had been made to receive us. The commissariat issues had already been made for that day, and thus, although we landed in the morning, we got nothing to eat till the next day. We were compelled to sleep on the floor of a granary; a bundle of blankets were thrown in to us, for which there was an immediate struggle, some getting two, others none at all. Next morning we were summoned by five o'clock and taken down to bathe in a bay near the landing-place. This done, we had our breakfast—a dish of homminy, or boiled Indian corn. It was poor and insipid, but not disagreeable. As we were all considerably exhausted by a four months' voyage, a little time was necessary to make arrangements for setting us to work; we were allowed two days' rest, preparatory to entering upon our island labors. During this time, we were permitted to walk about the settlement and make ourselves acquainted with the establishments. The barracks for the prisoners were immediately fronting the sea; those of the military guard, consisting of two hundred men and officers, being about a quarter of a mile in the rear. On a pleasant elevation, overlooking the settlement, was Government House, the residence of the civil commandant; and in the immediate neighborhood were about a dozen villas, the residences of the chaplain, the engineer, and other civil officers. On the first day, we were all drawn up in the barrack square and inspected by the civil commandant, accompanied by the medical superintendent who had charge of us on our voyage. The commandant, addressing us, asked, “Has any man any complaint to make of the doctor?” but no complaint was made. The agricultural laborers were sent to a station called Longridge, about two miles inland, the rest being retained in the settlement. When the commandant and the medical superintendent retired, the chaplain paid us a visit. He was an intelligent, and, as I subsequently found, most benevolent man.

In the course of the two days' rest, I had an opportunity of inspecting the dormitories of the prisoners, and other parts of the establishment. I saw a body of men called the “chain gang.” These were incorrigible offenders. Their legs were chained together, so that, as they went to and fro to their work, they could step but a few inches at a time. Their appearance was abject in the extreme. The police were a smart-looking set of fellows, selected from the finest-looking men among the prisoners, very clean, and wearing striped shirts, blue jackets, and white duck trowsers, with leathern belts, and hats made from the cabbage-tree, which flourishes on the island, stripes of which, worn and plaited, looked like straw. The police, however, either from negligence or connivance, or perhaps from sympathy with the prisoners, being themselves convicts, were very inefficient: for robberies were constantly committed in open day, in the heart of the settlement.

On my visit to the gaol, I had opportunities of

observing some remarkable features in the conduct of that establishment. I was surprised at witnessing a pitched battle in the court-yard, under the eye of the governor of the gaol. Two men were brought out of the same cell; their chains were knocked off, and they had a set pugilistic encounter, until one of them avowing himself beaten, their chains were put on again, and they retired together into their cell. I was much struck with this novel feature in prison discipline, and ventured to ask the gaoler about it. He said "Oh! they've been quarrelling for some time, and I thought it better that they should fight it out." Shortly after, the dinners were taken round to the prisoners; and as the wardman took the supply to each cell, he was vigilantly guarded by two soldiers with bayonets fixed, and the food was hastily and stealthily thrust in at the door, apparently with more alarm than the keeper of Wombwell's menagerie ever felt in feeding the most ferocious of his wild beasts. I found, upon inquiry, that these precautions were by no means superfluous, instances having occurred of most savage assaults upon the wardmen by unhappy wretches, who had been rendered almost maniacs by sentences of solitary imprisonment for life in chains.

The sudden change from the ship ration to that of the island, of which the hominy was the chief feature, gave at least a third of our men, myself included, an attack of dysentery, and I was thereby introduced to the medical superintendent of the island, an able and humane man. Those who were well enough to work were all employed, either in trade, in husbandry, or as writers, according to their previous pursuits and qualifications, although access by convicts to the records of the island was expressly forbidden by a regulation of the Home Government. I, with several others, was compelled to go into the hospital, where one of our party, an athletic Sussex farming man, died of the epidemic superinduced by the hominy. The illness of the men was attributed by some to the change of climate, but that theory was negated by the fact that not one of the free officers, who landed with us, suffered at all. It is beyond doubt that dysentery and death were in numerous instances solely attributable to the diet.

The hospital was a low stone building close to the sea. Into the ward in which I lay, ten low pallets had been crammed with difficulty, and the heat was excessive; but there was a stillness about the place, and a gentle manner with my sick companions, subdued by suffering, which were strange after the noise and coarse brutality to which I had been so long accustomed. At night-time a cooler air came through the half-open window, and it was a pleasure to lie awake and listen to the rolling of the sea upon the beach. But, as might be expected, there was little there to soothe the sufferer in the weariness of long sickness, much less to strengthen his soul in that last moment which is so terrible in its mystery even for the wisest and the best. Many of the most daring of the convicts have wrung a kind of respect from those over them by the terror of their vengeance—some ruffians, indeed, to my knowledge, have even struck those high in command, and been suffered to go unpunished; but the sick and helpless could expect little consideration. Several deaths occurred while I was there, and the sense of the suffering around me depressed my spirits and retarded my convalescence. How different was this from all that I

had previously known and associated with the idea of a sick-bed—the hushed and darkened room where you alone are ill, and every one about you is in good health, and you are the sole object of their pity and attention! Feverish and weary with long lying on my hard bed, the knowledge that there were many about me whose sufferings were greater than mine, instead of consoling me, seemed to shut me out from all compassion, and to make my misery still more unendurable. Nothing was there to remind me that sickness was an exceptional state, no token of health or cheerfulness which I too might hope one day to regain;—the greatest wretchedness of that wretched spot brought together where I lay, all life seemed to me sickly and overshadowed with death. And where were they who, the last time I had been ill, had sought by a hundred ways to make my sufferings lighter; whose cares, even when they gave me no relief, brought still a consolation in the kindly feeling which they showed! Did they still believe in my innocence in spite of all that had been brought against me! To some of those beside me, well-nigh worn out with pain, the approach of death, I thought, must seem an unaccustomed blessing; but to me how terrible was the thought of dying in that place! There were those in England for whose sakes, and on account of the sorrow and shame which my conviction had brought upon them, I prayed fervently to be spared for that day when I could make my innocence clear. For although with my last breath I had asserted the injustice of my sentence, in language so strong that any doubts which they might hold would have been dispelled, who was there to communicate the last words of a dying convict to his friends the other side of the globe! It was this thought which urged me to obtain ink and paper, which I did with much difficulty, in order to write a complete history and explanation of my case, in the hope of finding means of forwarding it to England. This task, though accomplished with great difficulty, was the principle which, I believe, alone sustained me in that miserable place. Ill as I was, I never failed to avail myself of an opportunity for continuing my task, sometimes hurriedly concealing my manuscript under the bed-clothes at the sound of a footstep, with anxious fear lest some one would deprive me of my papers, or in a moment destroy the fruit of my labors; until at length one day I saw it finished. I have not forgotten how joyfully I wrote the last sheet. That day I hid the whole of the manuscript under my pillow, and slept a sweeter and a longer sleep than I had known since I left England.

The relief afforded by the change of rations, aided by proper medicines, enabled me in about a month to leave that scene of misery and death. I was, however, still in a very weakly condition, and as the doctor reported me unfit or severe physical labor, and it was customary to allow the superintendents of different divisions of convicts the services as writers of such of them as had been well educated, and two or three of our party had been so employed, I rejoiced to find that several applications were now made for my services. For reasons not then known to me, these applications were refused, and I had the misfortune to be appointed "Wardman;" this was by far the most loathsome, perilous, and unhealthy occupation on the island. Its duties were to preserve order in a dormitory of two hundred criminals, many of whom, as subsequent events showed, would not

scruple to take the life of an individual who, like myself, was at once their drudge and their overseer. Locked in with these ruffians, from seven in the evening until six o'clock on the following morning, my task was then to cleanse and purify their dormitory for their reception and accommodation the next night. The disgusting details of the labor thus selected for me, I will not go into. The doctor pointed out various labors besides that of writer, such as hut-keeper, bag-mender, &c., suited to me, and protested in vain against the invidious cruelty to which I was subjected. The men being shut in the ward about ten or twelve hours every night, they did not, of course, sleep all the time. To amuse themselves in the darkness they would form little groups to listen to one of their number narrating his exploits. Others, who had nothing exciting to tell in this way, were driven to relate little stories, often of the most childish kind. It was a strange thing, and full of matter for reflection, to hear men, in whose rough tones I sometimes recognized some of the most stolid and hardened of the prisoners, gravely narrating an imperfectly remembered version of such childish stories as "Jack the Giant Killer," for the amusement of their companions, who, with equal gravity, would correct him from their own recollections, or enter into a ridiculous discussion on some of the facts. Familiar as they were with crime—in all that concerned book-lore they were but children, and when they found themselves driven to seek some amusement for the mind, the old nursery tales—the fact of their knowing which, I thought, showed that in infancy, at least, some one had regarded them with affection—were all that they could find. Seeing this, I tried the experiment of some stories from English and Roman History, to which they listened with eager attention, urging me to repeat and extend my narratives.

When I had been on the island about ten weeks, a most desperate attempt at escape was made by a party of prisoners. The ship in which we performed our voyage had since been to Sydney, and returned with provisions and troops. A gang of prisoners, about twenty in number, had been employed as a boat's crew to assist in bringing the stores as well as the troops from the ship. Whilst engaged in this labor, a well-organized conspiracy was formed to effect their escape, and which nearly succeeded. For this purpose, provisions and other requisites had been got together—probably spared from their own messes, or contributed by other convicts to whom they had communicated their intentions. Everything was kept a profound secret; for it is a remarkable fact that, although political conspiracies, as we are taught by history, are almost invariably brought to light by the treachery or cowardice of one of the confederates, plots among convicts are rarely divulged even by those who, having no interest in the venture, have been accidentally made privy to it. These provisions they found opportunities of burying in the sands of the sea-shore, at a place called Windmill Point, about half-a-mile distant. There being no harbor, the vessel lay at about a mile from the beach. All being prepared, one morning the boat left the shore as usual, with a crew consisting of twelve prisoners, a coxswain, and three soldiers with pistols loaded. About half way to the ship, the whole of the prisoners, upon some signal from their ringleader, rose simultaneously, and flung themselves upon the coxswain and guard

before they had time to fire. The coxswain was instantly secured and bound; but the soldiers were either thrown into the sea, or in their fright leaped overboard. The head of the gang, Dick Pearson, a daring fellow who had been a seaman, and who aided the escape of the man at Symon's Bay, seized the helm and directed the boat towards the headland, called Windmill Point, to take in their supplies and some of their confederates. These latter, however, had been detained by some accidental circumstances, and the boat was kept lying off until it attracted the attention of some parties on the shore near this point, as well as of the captain of the ship. The military were immediately summoned to the spot. Signs were made to them to ship their oars in token of surrender; but Dick Pearson was not the man to yield, or to allow the others to give way to their fears. They were within half musket-shot from the shore, but he, sitting still at the helm coolly steering the boat, ordered them, in a voice that could be heard from the shore, to pull for their lives. The soldiers levelled, the word was given to fire, and immediately a line of musketry flashed and cracked along the beach. When the smoke cleared away, however, the soldiers being armed with the good old British musket, the men were still seen rowing in the boat, their daring leader sitting still at the helm apparently untouched; and, although several volleys were discharged before they were completely out of gunshot range, not one of the party was struck. The mutineers, although they had not been able to secure their provisions, put out to sea with all speed. It was well known among the convicts that such attempts have almost invariably failed; and in all cases have been attended with privations, in comparison with which, what they endured on the island were insignificant. But the passion for liberty is no mere flourish of poets and orators. Something more than a consideration of the comparative material enjoyments of the one and the other state is at the bottom of that longing to be free, which will sometimes induce even those to whom every generous sentiment would seem to be unknown, to incur risks disproportioned to the utmost increase of personal comfort which they can expect to gain. The position of many on the island, in comparison with their previous life, could not have been extremely irksome; but the sense of restraint is continually with them, becoming, at last, almost insupportable. It is, indeed, no problem to me, that these men, in spite of the preparations for retaking them, which they could see on shore and aboard the vessel, and which made their escape hopeless, continued to strain every muscle for their miserable chance of getting out on the wide ocean, without sails, compass, or provisions. The captain, observing their motions and having the wind in his favor, effectually hemmed them in, and they were compelled to surrender. Knowing the general character of the men, and the feeling which animates them, I do not doubt that if they had had any arms they would even then have made a desperate resistance; and of this the records of attempts to escape from the island afford abundant instances. A lengthened investigation subsequently took place. The soldiers swore that they were seized upon and violently flung overboard; the prisoners, on the other hand, protested that they leaped into the sea in their fright, or accidentally fell over in the struggle.

In favor of the latter view there was a strong

circumstance, and which showed so much humanity as to create great doubt whether they were fairly chargeable with the cruelty of purchasing their own liberty with the sacrifice of the lives of the guard. The men, seeing the soldiers struggling in the water, threw to them one of the oars, to which they clung until they were picked up by a boat from the shore. It was of course a very important question, whether the mutineers had been merely guilty of an attempt to escape, or whether to that was added the crime of an attempt to murder. The men were afterwards tried by a jury of five military officers; when the guard, uncatechized, echoed of course the statements of their depositions; and the accused were all convicted and condemned to death. This sentence would, I feel sure, have been carried into effect, but for the interposition of the chaplain. As it was, their original sentences were extended to transportation for life.

It was during my detention in the island that the famous massacre, headed by Westwood, *alias* Jacky-Jacky, already described in a previous number of Household Words, took place. One of the principal causes which led to that fearful outbreak was the stoppage of the daily allowance of two pounds of potatoes, which, from the saltiness of the beef, were in that hot climate almost absolutely necessary. Upon the failure of the potato crop, an equivalent for these two pounds of sweet potatoes was sought, and it was at length determined by the authorities that two ounces of raw salt pork, being exactly similar in money value, should be given as a substitute. The official report says: "This has created much dissatisfaction among the men generally, from the very small quantity, which could, with due regard to the public purse, be apportioned; and so difficult has it been to make the men comprehend the equity of such an equivalent, that a large number for a long time refused to receive it, in the hope that some other substitute would ultimately be granted them." The substitution of two ounces of pork for two pounds of potatoes was an exasperating mockery, which the men bore with patience until the sudden seizure of all their pots and cooking utensils, when an outbreak ensued, resulting in a fearful loss of life.

Fourteen men, in all, were tried by special commission for the Jacky-Jacky massacre. An eyewitness of the proceedings on the trial states that the majority manifested no contrition for their offence. Some laughed and jested; others browbeat witnesses in a style quite professional, and, I presume, acquired in a long experience of courts of justice in England. One addressed the court at considerable length, after having cleverly examined the witnesses, speaking fluently and well, enumerating all the weak points in the evidence against him, and noting every discrepancy in the facts. This man was more deeply implicated than any, except Westwood. Another, an Irish lad of scarce twenty years of age, began his defence by calling a witness, whom, after a careful personal scrutiny, he dismissed without a question, professing "not to like the look of the fellow." Having called another witness, who described himself as a "scourger or flagellator," much merriment ensued among the prisoners, and the Irish lad finally joked him out of the witness-box, and called another, with whom the following dialogue took place:—

Prisoner. You're Darker, I believe!

Witness. I am.

Prisoner. You've an extensive acquaintance on the island!

Witness. I know the men on the settlement mostly.

Prisoner. Devil doubt ye! It's the big rogues is best known. Now, Darker, tell me. Didn't ye some months ago say to a man on this island, that you had so much villany in yir head, that it was a-busting out at yir ears?

Here the judge's patience was exhausted, although such scenes are common on such occasions, and the witness was ordered to stand down. Twelve were found guilty. On hearing their sentences they became extremely violent, cursing the prosecutor and all connected with the trial. Westwood alone was calm and orderly. At the conclusion of the sentence he arose, and in a calm, unbroken voice addressed the court. He seemed contrite, but had lost none of that boldness and air of resolution, which had characterized him throughout. He expressed deep sorrow for his share in the massacre, sensible that he could say but little in extenuation of it. He expected to suffer, and was content to die, but regretted that innocent men should be involved in the punishment. It was observed, however, that he did not mention any names. He went on to say that he entered life with a kindly feeling towards his fellow-men, which had been changed into misanthropy by harsh treatment, fraud, and cruelty. "Since childhood," he exclaimed, "I have never known what kindness was. I have struggled for liberty, and have robbed, when in the bush, to supply the cravings of nature, but I never raised my hand against a fellow-creature till the present time." He complained bitterly of the harsh treatment he had received, not at Norfolk Island, but previously in Van Diemen's Land. It was said by an officer on the island that, in his case, there was some ground for the complaint; for he had heard that an act of brutality on the part of an overseer was the occasion of Westwood's absconding and taking to those courses, which now, at the age of twenty-six, brought him to an ignominious end.

The twelve were hanged, with five others, a few days afterwards; the office of executioner being filled by two convicts who volunteered their services. There were upwards of twenty candidates for the appointment. One of the two men selected stated, in his written application, that having been a notorious offender and now deeply penitent for his past misconduct, he "hoped to be permitted to retrieve his character by serving the government on the present occasion."

I continued at my disgusting employment of wardman for sixteen months, only interrupted by the frequent illnesses and returns to the hospital which it produced. It was not until the good chaplain, who was at my pallet-side every day, believed me to be dying, that the doctor's recommendation was partially complied with. I was removed to the Cascades—a more salubrious part of the island; though even there I was ordered to perform the very duties which had so repeatedly brought me to the brink of the grave. The change of air, however, had a beneficial effect, but I had no sooner recovered my strength, than I was ordered back, and sent to field labor in a heavy gang, with a doubly convicted felon for my overseer—notorious for his severity, and for the irritating and frivolous accusations he constantly made against the twenty-four men committed to his con-

trol; either of whom he could at any moment get flogged or imprisoned upon his unsupported testimony. Fortunately I did not incur his displeasure.

Covered with dirt, weakened from insufficient food; sometimes drenched with rain, at others, standing up to my knees in slush, and under a broiling sun that made the mud steam around me, I continued at this horrible labor for three months, when a vacancy occurred in a writership, which it was found difficult to fill up, and the commandant was at length compelled to yield to a pressing application for my services. I was, therefore, at length permitted to lay aside the hoe for the pen; but even in this improved condition, I had the same rations, and was at the desk from five in the morning until nine at night; and when my appetite for the coarse food which I had been able to eat while toiling in the open air was destroyed by the close sedentary confinement, and my superintendent asked for me the indulgence of a little milk daily, in lieu of the salt meat which I could not eat, it was refused.

Among the many remarkable prisoners in the island, by no means the least so was my predecessor in this writership. He was a native of Bengal, where he had received an excellent education; was a fine classic, and spoke several modern languages fluently. He had acquired considerable distinction in the British legion in Spain. Upon his return to England he fell into dissipated and extravagant habits, to support which he forged bills of exchange on a British nobleman, whose acquaintance he had made. He was a good-looking but delicate man, and fond of comparing himself with Abd-el-Kader, to whose portraits he bore a strong resemblance.

We had prisoners from every part of the British dominions, and, indeed, from almost every part of the world. Besides English, Irish, Scotch, Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans, there were Chinamen from Hong Kong, Aborigines from New Holland, West Indian Blacks, Greeks, Caffres, and Malays. Among these were soldiers, for desertion, idiots, madmen, boys of seventeen, and old men of eighty. All these were indiscriminately herded together, without reference to age, crime, nation, or any other distinction.

Upon the whole, the conduct of the prisoners to me was extremely kind. Thus, when it was my turn to carry a bundle of heavy hoes to the field, they would frequently insist upon relieving me of the load. Upon one occasion, whilst drawing water from a deep well, my straw hat (which had been ordered by the doctor) fell to the bottom; upon which one of the men, whom I scarcely knew, immediately caught hold of the chain, and insisted upon descending to fetch it. It was in vain I entreated him not to incur such a risk merely for a hat, and pointed out the insecurity of the chain. He went down, and I stood watching with trembling anxiety at the top. At length, to my unspeakable relief, he was wound up again; when he handed me the hat, saying, "One good turn deserves another." What the good turn may have been that I had done him, I never had the slightest idea.

Nothing, however, could induce them to resist the temptation of thieving. They soon stole my shoes while I was asleep. When a humane officer observed me working at the water-cart barefoot, in a heavy rain, he sent me a pair of his own boots. The untiring kindness of the young man convicted of forgery, whose despair and sufferings on board

ship I have already described, I shall ever remember with the deepest gratitude. Frequently, when he found me sinking under my heavy trials, he would insist upon sharing my task. It was the happiest moment of my life upon the island, when an opportunity presented itself of making him some return. He had from the first been employed as chief writer in an office, and discharged its duties in a most exemplary manner for eighteen months, when a few sticks of tobacco were found concealed in the clothes of a fellow-clerk; and my friend was suspected of being a party to its introduction into the office. Dishonesty was not imputed to either of them; but the use of tobacco, or the traffic in it, was a grave offence. They were, accordingly, for the first time, both sent into the field to work in the broiling sun in the gullies. After a few days I successfully employed some influence which I had now acquired, and got my friend again placed in an office, where he remained.

Wretched as my condition was here, it was not without its agreeable and even happy moments. As soon as my case had become better known by the investigations which took place, a sympathy was expressed towards me, not only by the worthy chaplain, but by the civil and military officers generally. They entered into conversation with me in the course of their walks and rides, whether they found me in the ward, at the stone-heap, in the plough-field, or at the desk. Anxious to be as useful as possible, I every evening in the week, as well as morning and afternoon on Sundays, taught in the schools and distributed books among the men. These duties brought me into frequent communication with the chaplain, who would sometimes detain me a whole evening. In the charm of his refined society and instructive conversation, I have, for the time, forgotten my sad condition. Often, when the last bell announced the moment for locking up for the night, I seemed to be rudely awakened from some pleasant dream. What a change of scene and of company, from the chaplain and his library, to the convicts and their loathsome hut!

My duties now frequently took me to various parts of the island, affording me opportunities of remarking its beauties. Its entire length is about ten miles; its breadth about seven. It is evidently of recent volcanic origin. It is beautifully diversified by hills and valleys, and the sea is in sight from almost every part. For the free inhabitants, who do not have to labor in the heat of the day, the climate is luxurious—a delicious sea-breeze playing constantly over the island. Peaches, guavas, grapes, bananas, and other fruits grow everywhere. In the gardens of the officers, pomegranates, loquots, and other delicious fruits were in great perfection. In winter, peas, cabbages, and other European vegetables are produced in abundance.

The coast is everywhere indented with bays and inlets. In one of these retired nooks I have sometimes enjoyed a bath which a prince might have envied. The woods were filled with parrots and other birds of magnificent plumage; but their notes were most monotonous. The birds of the Pacific isles have no song. The nights in Norfolk Island are more beautiful than a European can imagine. The moon gives a light by which a newspaper may be read with ease. The air is generally clear; and during the writership, when I had a hut to myself in the midst of a large garden, I have frequently at dead of night left my hang-

mock and walked about the garden, with no other clothing than my night-dress, without experiencing the slightest ill effect.

We had but one storm during my stay there, but that was terrific. Such rain! it came down rather in sheets than in drops; and the thunder seemed to shake the very island. Snow had not been seen for many years. None of the trees are deciduous, and the pasture-lands there present the appearance of a rich green velvet. Mount Pitt, a thousand feet above the level of the sea, is crowned with trees of the richest foliage and every variety of tint. Conspicuous amongst them rises the graceful Norfolk Island pine. The lanes in many parts of the island are lined on each side by lemon trees, meeting overhead, and hung with the golden fruit, forming a fragrant bower miles in length. The harbor of Sydney is highly picturesque; Ceylon is magnificent in scenery; and there are parts of Van Dieman's Land of great beauty; but Norfolk Island is the loveliest spot I ever beheld. How strange, I have often thought, that such a Paradise should be the chosen abode of the refuse of criminals, doubly and trebly sited!

I had passed two years and six months on the island when news arrived, that, in consequence of representations made to the home authorities of the abominations and misgovernment in that settlement, the establishment was to be broken up; and I was removed with three hundred other prisoners to Van Dieman's Land.

For more than three years I had now been deprived of my liberty. "Hope deferred" had long since made my heart sick. Letters and statements, which I had myself written and despatched to England under the greatest difficulties, while laboring in the fields, and while sick in the hospital, had served to keep alive my hopes; and it was well for me, perhaps, when, after fixing the time that must elapse before a reply could be returned, and marking anxiously the months as they rolled away, I eagerly watched for the arrival of a vessel in the harbor, that I was ignorant of the fact that scarcely one of these appeals ever reached its destination, and that one upon which I had most relied, addressed by the chaplain of the island to the first minister of the crown, had got no further than Hobart Town. At length, however, the noble exertions of a gentleman who had been unceasing in his inquiries into every fact connected with my case, were successful. About a week after my removal to Van Dieman's Land, I received the intelligence that a conditional "pardon" had arrived, giving me liberty, though without permission to land in England.

The superintendent, who communicated to me this news, said, "You must give me your prison clothing, and proceed to Hobart Town, where you will receive the necessary document." Having no clothes of my own, or any money or friends to assist me in that part, I asked what clothes would be given or lent me to travel in. To this he merely replied, "I have no orders about that." The principal communication with Hobart Town was by water, but as the pardon was unaccompanied by any authority for a free passage, I was unable to obtain one. By land it was about ninety miles, through an almost untrodden region—a gum tree wilderness—without, for the greater part, any roads, except a slight kind of sheep track, at many places quite effaced by heavy rains; but I was compelled to go, and for aught that the government provided me, under such extraordinary circumstances, I might have wandered to Hobart

Town naked and without food. My miserable fellow-prisoners however had more compassion, and clubbed together such few odd articles of wearing apparel as they happened to possess; and the superintendent and the religious instructor kindly eked out the charity of those whose fellow-captive I had so long been, to enable me to set out upon my journey—a wandering mendicant round the earth—having the fixed resolve to proceed to Paris, a distance of twenty thousand miles, there to renew my struggle for that justice which I knew must be the result of a reëxamination of the facts of my case. I sometimes travelled thirty miles of that weary, though welcome journey, without seeing a human being from whom to inquire my way. Knowing, however, the position of Hobart Town, the sun served as my compass by day, and the stars by night. My course sometimes lay along the sea-coast; but oftener deep in the woods, on emerging from which, the scenery was often extremely beautiful. After crossing mountains and fording streams, and sleeping occasionally in the shade of a tree, in three days and three nights I reached my destination. Had a stage harlequin suddenly made his appearance, he could scarcely have attracted more attention than I did, in my motley, ill-fitting suit. I was, however, soon metamorphosed, being most kindly received by the chaplain and the Judge of Assize who had known me in my captivity.

After a brief stay at Hobart Town, aided by subscriptions from the lieutenant-governor and other principal inhabitants, I took ship for Sydney. Here my case was fully reviewed and investigated, and I received further and very liberal assistance to prosecute my journey. In fifty days I reached Canton, and in thirty more, Madras. Having letters of introduction to the judges and other persons of distinction there, I was received and entertained with munificent hospitality. For three weeks, while I waited for the steamer to convey me to Suez, I became the guest of one of the chief officers of the presidency, who appropriated a suit of apartments, bath-room, library, carriage, and two servants, to my especial use. What a charming scene is a dinner-party in India! The very heat is made a source of delight. A feeling of deep repose is in the dusty saloon. The floor, paved with smooth stone, without carpet; the air rendered deliciously cool by passing through wet matting; the eye refreshed by the choicest flowers encircling the doorway and drooping in through the open windows; the guests attired in snow-white dresses of Chinese grass-cloth, more cool and delicate than the finest muslin; the bare-footed native servants, in their white robes and red turbans, gliding noiselessly about; everything reminds you of those Oriental stories which we are earliest taught, and whose scenes, long after floating in the mind, become the elements of dreams. From above, the punka kept up an artificial breeze, while ice appeared as plentiful as if we had been regaling ourselves on the Grands Mulets. What Eastern story could be more strange than those vicissitudes which had finally brought me amid such scenes!

I reached Paris by the overland route *via* Trieste, passing through Southern Germany, and down the Danube and the Rhine, having letters of introduction to eminent persons there. Through them I succeeded in securing the attention of her majesty's ambassador to my case; and, after the lapse of six months, I received a free pardon, with a letter from the secretary of state acknowledging my innocence.

From Hogg's Instructor.

MEMORY AND ITS CAPRICES.

THERE is no faculty so inexplicable as memory. It is not merely that its powers vary so much in different individuals, but that every one has found their own liable to the most unaccountable changes and chances. Why vivid impressions should appear to become utterly obliterated, and then suddenly spring to light, as if by the wand of a magician, without the slightest effort of our own, is a mystery which no metaphysician has ever been able to explain. We all have experience of this, when we have striven *in vain* to recollect a name, a quotation, or a tune, and find it present itself unbidden, it may be, at a considerable interval of time, when the thoughts are engaged on another subject. We all know the uneasy feeling with which we search for the missing article, and the relief when it suddenly flashes across the mind, and when, as if traced by invisible ink, it comes out unexpectedly, bright and clear.

It is most happily ordered that pleasing sensations are recalled with far greater vividness than those of a distressing nature. A charming scene which we loved to contemplate, a perfume which we have inhaled, an air to which we have listened, can all be reverted to with a degree of pleasure not far short of that which we experience in the actual enjoyment; but bodily pain, which, during its continuance, occasions sensations more absorbing than anything else, cannot be recalled with the same vividness. It is remembered in a general way as a great evil, but we do not recall the suffering so as to communicate the sensation of the reality. In fact, we remember the pain, but we recollect the pleasure—for the difference between remembrance and recollection is distinct. We may remember a friend, whose person we have forgotten, but we cannot have forgotten the appearance of one whom we recollect. Surely a benevolent Providence can be traced in the provision which enables us to enjoy the sensations again which gave pleasure, but which does not oblige us to feel those which gave pain. The memory of the aged, which is so impaired by years, is generally clear as to the most pleasurable period of existence, and faint and uncertain as to that which has brought the infirmities and "ills which flesh is heir to;" and the recollection of school-boy days, with what keen delight are all their merry pranks and innocent pleasures recalled! while the drudgery of learning and the discipline of rules, once considered so irksome, fill but a faint outline in the retrospective picture; the impressions of joy and gayety rest on the mind, while those which are felt in the first moments of some great calamity are so blunted by its stunning effects, that they cannot be accurately recalled. Indeed, it frequently happens that the memory loses every trace of a sudden misfortune, while it retains all the events which have preceded it.

Of such paramount importance is a retentive memory considered, that the improvement of the faculty, by constant exercise, is the first object in education, and artificial aids for its advantage have been invented. So essential did the ancients regard its vigor for any work of imagination, that "they described the muses as the daughters of memory." Though a retentive memory may be found where there is no genius, yet genius, though sometimes, is rarely deficient in this most valuable gift. There are so many examples of its great

power in men of transcendent abilities, that every one can name a host. Some of these examples would appear incredible, had they not been given on unquestionable authority. Themistocles, we are told, could call by their names every citizen of Athens, though they amounted to twenty thousand. Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army. Hortentius, after attending a public sale for the day, gave an account in the evening of every article which had been sold, the prices, and the names of the purchasers. On comparing it with that taken at the sale by the notary, it was found to agree as exactly with it as if it had been a copy. "Memory Corner Thompson," so called from the extraordinary power which he possessed, drew, in the space of twenty-two hours, a correct plan of the parishes of St. James', Westminster with parts of the parishes of St. Marylebone, St. Ann, and St. Martin. In this were included all the squares, streets, courts, lanes, alleys, markets, and all other entries—every church, chapel, and public building—all stables and yards—all the public houses and corners of streets, with every pump, post, tree, house, bow-window—all the minutiae about St. James' Palace—this he did in the presence of two gentlemen, without any plan or notes of reference, but solely from his memory. He afterwards completed the plans of other parishes. A house being named in any public street, he could tell the trade of the shop, either on the right or left hand. He could, from memory, furnish an inventory of everything contained in any house where he was intimate, from the garret to the cellar.

The extraordinary powers of calculation entirely from memory are very surprising. The mathematician Wallis, in bed, and in the dark, extracted the cube root from a number consisting of thirty figures. George III. had a memory remarkably retentive. He is said never to have forgotten the face he had once seen, or the name once heard. Carolan's memory was remarkably quick and retentive. On one occasion, he met a celebrated musician at the house of an Irish nobleman. He challenged him to a trial of musical skill. The musician played the fifth Concerto of Vivaldi on his violin, to which Carolan, who had never heard it, listened with deep attention. When it was finished, he took his harp and played the Concerto from beginning to end, without missing a single note. An instance of great memory is related of La Motte, who was invited by Voltaire, then a young man, to hear a tragedy which he had just finished. La Motte listened with great attention, and was delighted with it. However, he said he had one fault to find with it. On being urged by Voltaire to say what *that* was, he replied that he regretted that any part of it should have been borrowed. Voltaire, chagrined and incredulous, requested that he would point this out. He named the second scene of the fourth act, saying, that when he had met with it, it had struck him so much, that he took the trouble of transmitting it to memory. He then recited the scene just as Voltaire had read it, with the animation which showed how much it pleased him. Voltaire, utterly confounded, remained silent; the friends who were present looked at each other in amazement; a few moments of embarrassment and dismay ensued. La Motte at length broke the silence: "Make yourself easy, sir," said he, "the scene belongs to no one but you. I was so charmed by its beauty that I could not resist the temptation of committing it to memory."

It is not uncommon to find the memory retentive on some subjects, yet extremely deficient on others. The remarkable powers of some are limited to dates and names. A lady with whom we were acquainted could tell the number of stairs contained in each flight in the houses of all her acquaintance, but her memory was not particularly retentive in anything else. In the notice of the death of Miss Addison, daughter of the celebrated Addison, which took place in 1797, it is stated that "she inherited her father's memory, but none of the discriminating powers of his understanding; with the retentive faculties of Jedediah Buxton, she was a perfect imbecile. She could go on in any part of her father's works, and repeat the whole, but was incapable of speaking or writing an intelligible sentence." Cases of occasional forgetfulness on matters of interest to the mind are among the strange caprices of memory. When Dr. Priestley was preparing the dissertations prefixed to his "Harmony of the Gospels," he had taken great pains to inform himself on a subject which had been under discussion, relative to the Jewish passover. He transcribed the result of his researches, and laid the paper aside. His attention being called to something else, a fortnight elapsed before the subject again occurred to his mind. The same pains were taken which he had bestowed on it before. The fruits of his labor were again written out. So completely had he forgotten that he had before copied out exactly the same paragraphs and reflections, that it was only when he found the papers on which he had transcribed them that it was recalled to his recollection. At times, he has read his own published writings without recognizing them.

John Hunter's memory once failed him. When he was in the house of a friend, he totally forgot where he was, in whose house, in what room, or in what street, or where he lived himself. He was conscious of this failure, and tried to restore his recollection by looking out of the window to ascertain where he was, but to no purpose. After some time, recollection gradually returned. It is well known that a young man of great ability, and for whom his friends looked for the most brilliant success, totally forgot what he had been about to say, when making his first, and, as it proved, his only, parliamentary speech. He tried to resume the thread of his argument, but all was a cheerless blank—he came to a dead stop; and thus his parliamentary career ended: he never attempted to address the house again. An actor, who was performing in a play which had a great run, all at once forgot a speech which he had to make. "How," said he, when he got behind the scenes, and offered, as he thought, a very sufficient excuse, "how could it be expected that I should remember it forever! Haven't I repeated it every night for the last thirty nights?"

We are told in the "Psychological Magazine," that many cases have occurred in which persons have forgotten their own names. On one occasion, a gentleman had to turn to his companion, when about to leave his name at a door where they called to visit, to ask him what it was, so completely and suddenly had he forgotten it. After severe attacks of illness and great hardship, loss of memory is not unfrequent. Some who recovered from the plague at Athens, as Thucydides relates, had lost their memories so entirely that no friend, no relation, nothing connected with their personal identity, was remembered. It is said,

that, among those who had escaped with life the disasters of the memorable campaign in Russia, and the disease which was so fatal to the troops at Wilna, there were some who had utterly lost their memory—who preserved not the faintest recollection of country, home, or friends. The fond associations of other days had left nothing but a dreary blank.

As the body has been made the vehicle for the exercise of the faculties of the mind, and as they are united in some mysterious manner, we find injuries to the one often hurtful, and sometimes fatal, to the other. Mental shocks frequently impede, or, in some cases, utterly put an end to, that exercise which the union of body and mind produces. The memory is often disturbed or upset by some injury to the brain. A fall, a sudden blow, or disease, may obliterate *all* recollection. We have heard of those who have suffered from such who have forgotten every friend and relation, and never knew the face of one belonging to them again. But the effects are sometimes very strange and partial, and totally beyond our comprehension. The functions of the memory, in some cases, are suspended for a time, but, on recovery, taken up at the very point where they were deprived of their power. Dr. Abercrombie was acquainted with a lady who had an apoplectic seizure while at cards. From Thursday evening till Sunday morning she was quite unconscious. At length she spoke, and the first words she uttered were, "What is trump?" Beattie mentions a gentleman who had a similar attack, in the year 1761, from which he recovered, but all recollection of the four years previous to the attack was gone, while all that had happened in the preceding years was accurately recollected. He had to refer to the public journals of the forgotten years, in which he had taken great interest at the time, for information about the passing events of those years, and read the details with great satisfaction and surprise. By a fall from his horse, a gentleman, who was an admirable scholar, received a severe hurt on the head. He recovered, but his learning was gone, and he had actually to commence his education again by the very first step, the learning of the alphabet. A less unfortunate scholar, meeting with a similar accident, lost none of his acquirements but his Greek; but it was irrevocably lost. A strange caprice of memory is recorded in the case of Dr. Broussanet. An accident which befell him brought on an attack of apoplexy. When he recovered, he had utterly lost the power of pronouncing or writing proper names, or any substantive, while his memory supplied adjectives in profusion, by the application of which he distinguished whatever he wished to mention. In speaking of any one, he would designate him by calling him after the shape or color for which he was remarkable. If his hair was red, he called him "red;" if above the usual height, he named him "tall;" if he wanted his hat, he asked for his "black;" if his "blue" or "brown" was required, it was a *coat* of the color that he called for. The same mode of mentioning plants was that which he made use of. As he was a good botanist, he was well acquainted with a vast number, but he could never call them by their names.

Among the great variety of cases cited by Mr. Millingen, M. D., in his most entertaining work on "The Curiosities of Medicine," to which we are indebted for several of the cases to which we

have alluded, he quotes from Salmuth an account of a man who could pronounce words, though he had forgotten how to write them; and of another who could only recollect the first syllable of the words he used. Some have confused substantives altogether, calling their watch a hat, and ordering up paper when they wanted coals; others have transposed the letters of the word which they intended to use. A musician, laboring under this partial loss of memory, was known to call his flute a *tulle*, thus employing every letter in the right word. Curious anagrams, it is stated, have been made in this way, and innumerable names for persons and things invented. An extraordinary case of periodic recollection had occurred in an old man, who had forgotten all the events of his former life, unless they were recalled to his memory by some occurrence; yet every night he regularly recollected some one particular circumstance of his early days. There are, indeed, very extraordinary cases of a sudden rush of recollections. A gentleman with whom we are acquainted, mentioned that at one time he was in imminent danger of being drowned, and that in the brief space of some moments all the events of his life were vividly recalled. There have been similar instances; indeed, were we to transcribe one third of the remarkable cases of the caprices of memory, we should far exceed our limits. Some very wonderful details are given of those which have been known to occur in the somnambulist state. Dr. Dyce, of Aberdeen, describes the case of a girl who was subject to such attacks. During these, she would converse with the bystanders, answering their questions. Once she went through the whole of the baptismal service of the Church of England. On awakening, she had no recollection of what had occurred in her state of somnambulism, but, on falling into it again, she would talk over all that had passed and been said while it continued. During one of these paroxysms, she was taken to church, where she appeared to attend to the service with great devotion. She was much affected by the sermon, and shed tears at one passage. When restored to the waking state, she had not the faintest recollection whatever of the circumstance; but, in the following paroxysm, her recollection of the whole matter was most accurate; her account of it was as vivid as possible. Not only did she describe everything, but she gave the subject of the sermon, repeating *verbatim* the passage at which she had wept. Thus she appeared endowed with two memories—one for the waking state, and the other for that mysterious sleep.

There are some very affecting cases of the partial loss of memory, from sudden misfortune and from untoward accidents. The day was fixed for the marriage of a young clergyman and one to whom he was most tenderly attached. Two days before the appointed time, he went out with a young friend, who was going to shoot. The gun went off accidentally. He instantly fell, and it was found that part of the charge had lodged in his forehead. For some days his life was despaired of; but at the end of that time he was pronounced out of danger. The happiness, however, which had hung on his existence was forever gone. She who had watched by him night and day had a trial more bitter than his death: he was deranged; his memory retained nothing but the idea of his approaching marriage. Every recollection, every thought was absorbed in that one idea. His whole conversation related to the preparations. He

never would speak on any other subject. It was always within two days of the happy time. Thus years and years went over. Youth passed, and still two days more would wed him to her who was fondly loved as ever. And thus he reached his eightieth year, and sunk into the grave.

It has sometimes happened that the recollection of a sudden calamity has been lost in the very shock which it has produced. A curate of St. Sulpice, never weary of doing good, practised the most rigid self-denial, that he might have the means of serving others. He adopted an English orphan boy, who repaid his kindness with a fond affection, which increased every year—in short, they loved like a father and a son. The poor boy was an apt scholar, and his protector took special delight in teaching him. But his predominant taste was for music, for which he evinced the enthusiasm that ever marks genius. His taste was cultivated, for many of those whom the curate instructed were the sons of artists, and were themselves well skilled in the delightful art, and he got them to give lessons to his protégé. He soon excelled upon the harp, and his voice, though not powerful, was capable of all those touching modulations which find their way to the heart. Accompanied by the chords, which he so well knew how to waken, more enchanting melody could scarcely be heard; and the poor curate found no more delightful relaxation than listening to his music; and the kind old man felt pride as well as delight in the progress of his son, as he always called the young musician. But peace and harmony were sadly interrupted. The attachment of the curate to the Archbishop of Arles was the cause of his being thrown into confinement with him in the convent of the Carmelites. His poor son pined to share the prison of one so much beloved—the one in whom all his feelings of affection and gratitude centred. At length his entreaties succeeded, and the pupil and his preceptor were together again. But even this melancholy companionship was to be rent asunder. The convent was attacked. The particulars of the massacre of the 21 of September, 1792, are too well known to need repetition. Some sought concealment among the branches of the trees into which they had climbed; but pikes and bullets soon reached them. The archbishop, attended by thirty of the clergy, went with steady steps up to the altar in the chapel at the end of the garden. It was there that these martyrs were sacrificed, as it has been beautifully told by Mr. Alison, with eyes raised to the image of their crucified Redeemer, and offering a prayer for their cruel assassins. Poor Capdeville, the good curate, it is said, recited at this awful moment the prayers of persons in the last agonies. The youth flew about the house in a state of bewildered distraction, seeking for his benefactor; at one moment bursting into an agony of tears, and then uttering the wildest lamentations; then, brushing away his tears, he would listen for some sound which might direct him to the spot where he might find his father. Some of the neighbors, who had been led by compassion to the melancholy scene, tried to induce the boy to escape, but he pursued his way wildly, till he found his benefactor. Nothing could persuade him to leave him. He appeared rivetted to the spot, and refused to quit his side. But soon after the murder of the archbishop, the death-blow was aimed at Capdeville. He cast a last look, full of compassion and tenderness, on

the beloved boy, and expired. Even as he lay, with his head resting on the step of the altar, it seemed as if he still observed his favorite with looks of kindness. The poor child's mind was quite upset. He would not believe him dead. He insisted that he slept. He forgot the scene of carnage by which he was surrounded. He sat by the bleeding corpse for three hours, expecting every moment that he would awaken. He rushed for his harp, and, returning to his patron's side, he played those plaintive airs in which he had taken especial delight. At length, worn out by watching for the moment of his awakening, he fell into a profound sleep, and the compassionate people about him bore him away and laid him on a bed. The sleep, or, more properly speaking, the stupor, continued for forty-eight hours. It was thought that when consciousness returned he might be somewhat composed; but his senses were never restored. As his affliction met with great commiseration, and as he was perfectly harmless, he was allowed the free range of the house. He would remain, as it were, in abstracted thought, pacing silently along the apartments, till the clock struck three; then he would bound away and fetch his harp, and, leaning against the fragments

of the altar, he would play the tunes his preceptor had loved to hear. There was a touching expression of anxious hope in his countenance, but, when hours passed on, it was gradually succeeded by utter sadness. It was observed that at the hour of six he ceased to play, and slowly morning, he would say, "Not yet, not yet; but he will soon speak to his child;" and then he would throw himself on his knees, and appear for a while rapt in devotion, and, heaving a sigh as he rose, he would glide softly about, as if fearing to disturb his friend, whom he thought was sleeping; and then he would again fall into a state of abstraction till the next day. How it happened that there was such regularity in the time of his commencing and ceasing to play, has not been suggested. It may have been that the exact time of his last interview with his friend was impressed upon his mind, or it may have been, which seems to us most likely, that these were the hours in which the poor curate was in the habit of seeking the relaxation of music to soothe and elevate his spirit after the labors of the day. Every one pitied the poor deluded boy, and could not see unmoved how he clung to affection and to hope, though bereft of reason and of recollection.

The Blithedale Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," &c. Two vols. Chapman and Hall.

The high reputation enjoyed and deserved by Mr. Hawthorne both in England and America will neither be raised nor lowered by the "Blithedale." The novel does not surpass in merit, we think does not equal, either the "Scarlet Letter" or the "House of the Seven Gables;" but it is a good story, full of picturesque writing and romantic incident, well marked with the distinctive stamp of Mr. Hawthorne's genius.

In the selection of a quaint, unhackneyed subject, Mr. Hawthorne has in his former novels shown great skill, and the "Blithedale Romance" is another example of the same tact in avoiding worn-out themes. Blithedale is a farm on which a set of people, weary of the old world and desirous of a new order of things, join in the endeavor to establish a community of brothers and sisters, levelling all worldly rank; the fine ladies and gentlemen awake to the blast of the farmer's horn very early in the morning, to go a milking and to labor in the fields till breakfast time. The machinery of the community has not been chosen as the groundwork of a lecture for or against communism; it is simply employed, by the way of romance, as a novel and quaint expedient for throwing together under new circumstances people with characters strongly marked, and weaving them together into a tale of abundant action and passion. The narrative is even more rapid in the "Blithedale Romance" than in some of Mr. Hawthorne's former works, for example, in "The House of the Seven Gables." The idea of Blithedale was suggested by a similar experiment in which Mr. Hawthorne himself participated some ten years ago, at Brook Farm in Roxbury. The characters of the book, however, and the tale in which they move, are pure romance, and of the warmest color.—From a review in the *Exam.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CANADIAN HERD-BOY.

THROUGH the deep woods, at peep of day,
The careless herd-boy wends his way;
By piny ridge, and forest stream,
To summon home his roving team.
Cobas! Cobas!—from distant dell
Sly echo wafts the cattle-bell.

A blithe reply he whistles back,
And follows out the devious track;
O'er fallen tree and mossy stone,
A path to all, save him, unknown.
Cobas! Cobas!—far down the dell
More faintly falls the cattle-bell.

See, the dark swamp before him throws
A tangled maze of cedar boughs;
On all around deep silence broods,
In Nature's boundless solitudes.
Cobas! Cobas! the breezes swell,
As nearer floats the cattle-bell.

He sees them now—beneath yon trees
His motley herd recline at ease,
With lazy pace and sullen stare,
They slowly leave their shady lair—
Cobas! Cobas! far up the dell
Quick jingling comes the cattle-bell!

From Household Words.

THE THINKER AND THE DOER.

ONE sits at home, with pale impassive brow,
Bent on the eloquence of lifeless letters;
Noting man's thoughts from Mind's first dawn till now,
When Truth seems, Heaven-inspired, to burst her fetters.

Another plies the force of stalwart limbs,
And keen wit sharpened by the whirl of action;
For midnight lore no studious lamp he trims,
Curtained and muffled from the world's distraction.

Two destinies—converging to one end,
The glorious issue of all human labor;
Where in harmonious union softly blend
The praise of God, the profit of our neighbor.

Each has his gift—the stamp affixed at birth,
That marks him for the servant of a Master;
The chosen steward of His realm of Earth;
The shepherd watching for a higher Pastor.

Each has his crown—of earthly laurels here,
Gathered and woven by the hand of mortals;
And when the Spirit-City's towers appear,
Dropped on his brows by angels at its portals.

Judge not which serves his mighty Master best,
Haply thou mightest be true worth's detractor;
For each obeys his nature's high behest—
The close-pent thinker, and the busy actor.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

FRAGMENTS FROM A YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVE," "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," &c.

I HAVE been married seven weeks. I do not rave in girlish fashion about my perfect happiness—I do not even say I love my husband. Such words imply a separate existence—a gift consciously bestowed on one being from another. I feel not thus: my husband is to me as my own soul.

Long, very long, it is since I first knew this. Gradually, not suddenly, the great mystery of love overshadowed me, until at last I found out the truth, that I was my own no more. All the world's beauty I saw through his eyes—all the world's goodness and greatness came reflected through his noble heart. In his presence I was as a child: I forgot myself, my own existence, hopes and aims. Everywhere—at all times and all places—his power was upon me. He seemed to absorb and inhale my whole soul into his, until I became like a cloud melting away in sunshine, and vanishing from the face of heaven.

All this reads very wild and mad; but, oh! Laurence—Laurence! none would marvel at it who had once looked on thee! Not that he is a perfect Apollo—this worshipped husband of mine: you may meet a score far handsomer. But who cares? Not I! All that is grand, all that is beautiful, all that makes a man look godlike through the inward shining of his godlike soul,—I see in my Laurence. His eyes, soft, yet proud—his wavy hair—his hand that I sit and clasp—his strong arm that I lean on—all compose an image wherein I see no flaw. Nay, I could scarce believe in any beauty that bore no likeness to Laurence.

Thus is my husband—what am I? His wife—and no more. Everything in me is only a reflection of him. Sometimes I even marvel that he loved me, so unworthy as I seem: yet, when Heaven rained on me the rich blessing of his love, my thirsty soul drank it in, and I felt that, had it never come, for lack of it I must have died. I did almost die, for the joy was long in coming. Though—as I know now—he loved me well and dearly; yet for some reason or other he would not tell me so. The veil might never have fallen from our hearts, save for one blessed chance. I will relate it. I love to dream over that brief hour to which my whole existence can never show a parallel.

We were walking all together—my sisters, Laurence, Sheldermine and I—when there came on an August thunder-storm. Our danger was great, for we were in the midst of a wood. My sisters fled; but I, being weak and ill—alas! my heart was breaking quietly, though he knew it not—I had no strength to fly. He was too kind to forsake me; so we stayed in an open space of the wood, I clinging to his arm, and thinking—God forgive me!—that if I could only die then, close to him, encompassed by his gentle care, it would be so happy—happier far than my life was then. What he thought, I knew not. He spoke in hurried, broken words, and turned his face from me all the while.

It grew dark, like night, and there came flash after flash, peal after peal. I could not stand—I leant against his arm. At last there shone all around us a frightful glare, as if the whole wood were in flames—a crash of boughs—a roar above, as though the heavens were falling—then, silence.

Death had passed close by us, and smote us not—and Death was the precursor of Love.

We looked at one another, Laurence and I: then with a great cry, our hearts—long tortured—sprang together. There never can be such a meeting, save that of two parted ones, who meet in heaven. No words were spoken, save a murmur—"Adelaide!"

"Laurence!"—but we knew that between us two there was but one soul. We stood there, all the while the storm lasted. He sheltered me in his arms, and I felt neither the thunder nor the rain. I feared not life nor death, for I now knew that in either I should never be divided from him.

Ours was a brief engagement. Laurence wished it so; and I disputed not—I never disputed with him in anything. Besides, I was not happy at home—my sisters did not understand him. They jested with me because he was grave and reserved—even subject to moody fits sometimes. They said, "I should have a great deal to put up with; but it was worth while, for Mr. Sheldermine's grand estate atoned for all." My Laurence! as if I had ever thought whether he were rich or poor! I smiled, too, at my sisters' jests about his melancholy, and the possibility of his being "a bandit in disguise." None truly knew him—none but I! Yet I was half afraid of him at times; but that was only from the intensity of my love. I never asked him of his love for me—how it grew—or why he had so long concealed it; enough for me that it was there. Yet it was always calm: he never showed any passionate emotion, save one night—the night before our wedding-day.

I went with him to the gate myself, walking in the moonlight under the holly trees. I trembled a little; but I was happy—very happy. He held me long in his arms ere he would part with me—the last brief parting ere we would have no need to part any more. I said, looking up from his face unto the stars, "Laurence, in our full joy, let us thank God, and pray Him to bless us."

His heart seemed bursting; he bowed his proud head, dropped it down upon my shoulder, and cried, "Nay, rather pray Him to forgive me. Adelaide, I am not worthy of happiness—I am not worthy of you!"

He, to talk in this way! and about me! but I answered him soothingly, so that he might feel how dear was my love—how entire my trust.

He said, at last, half mournfully, "You are content to take me, then, just as I am; to forgive my past, to bear with my present, to give hope to my future. Will you do this, my love, my Adelaide?"

I answered, solemnly, "I will." Then, for the first time, I dared to lift my arms to his neck; and as he stooped I kissed his forehead. It was the seal of this my promise, which, may God give me strength to keep evermore!

We were laughing to-day—Laurence and I—about *first loves*. It was scarcely a subject for mirth; but one of his bachelor friends had been telling us of a new-married couple, who, in some comical fashion, mutually made the discovery of each other's "first loves." I said to my husband, smiling happily, "that he need have no such fear." And I repeated, half in sport, the lines—

"He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love and her last.

So it was with your poor Adelaide." Touched by the thought, my gayety melted almost into tears. But I laughed them off, and added, "Come, Laurence, confess the same. You never, never loved any one but me?"

He looked pained, said coldly, "I believe I have not given cause—" then stopped. How I trembled! but I went up to him, and whispered, "Laurence, dearest, forgive me." He looked at me a moment, then caught me passionately to his breast. I wept there a little—my heart was so full. Yet I could not help again murmuring that question—"You love me: you do love me?"

"I love you as I never before loved woman. I

swear this in the sight of Heaven. Believe it, my wife!" was his vehement answer. I hated myself for having so tried him. My dear, my noble husband! I was mad to have a moment's doubt of thee.

Nearly a year married, and it seems a brief day; yet it seems, also, like a lifetime—as if I had never known any other. My Laurence! daily I grow closer to him—heart to heart. I understand him better—if possible, I love him more; not with the wild worship of my girlhood, but with something dearer—more home-like. I would not have him an "angel," if I could. I know all his little faults and weaknesses quite well—I do not shut my eyes on any of them; but I gaze openly at them, and love them down. There is love enough in my heart to fill up all chasms—to remove all stumbling-blocks from our path. Ours is truly a wedded life; not two jarring lives, but an harmonious and complete one.

I have taken a long journey, and am somewhat dreary at being away, even for three days, from my pleasant home. But Laurence was obliged to go, and I would not let him go alone; though, from tender fear, he urged me to stay. So kind and thoughtful he was, too. Because his engagements here would keep him much from me, he made me take likewise my sister Louisa. She is a good girl, and a dear girl; but I miss Laurence; I did especially in my walk to-day, through a lovely, wooded country, and a sweet little village. I was thinking of him all the time; so much so, that I quite started when I heard one of the village children shouted after as "Laurence."

Very foolish it is of me—a loving weakness I have not yet got over—but I never hear the name my husband bears without a pleasant thrill; I never even see it written up in the street without turning again to look at it. So, unconsciously, I turned to the little rosy urchin, whom his grandam honored by the name of "Laurence."

A pretty, sturdy boy, of five or six years old—a child to glad any mother. I wondered had he a mother! I stayed and asked. I always notice children now. Oh! wonderful, solemn mystery, sleeping at my heart, my hope, my joy, my prayer! I think, with tears, how I may one day watch the gambols of a boy like this; and how, looking down in his little face, I may see therein my Laurence's eyes. For the sake of this future—which God grant!—I went and kissed the little fellow who chanced to bear my husband's name. I asked the old woman about the boy's mother. "Dead! dead five years." And his father? A sneer—a muttered curse—bitter words about "poor folk" and "gentle-folk." Alas! alas! I saw it all. Poor, beautiful, unhappy child!

My heart was so pained, that I could not tell the little incident to Laurence. Even when my sister began to talk of it, I asked her to cease. But I pondered over it the more. I think, if I am strong enough, I will go and see the poor little fellow again to-morrow. One might do some good—who knows?

To-morrow has come—to-morrow has gone. What a gulf lies between that yesterday and its to-morrow!

Louisa and I walked to the village—she very much against her will. "It was wrong and foolish," she said; "one should not meddle with vice." And she looked prudent and stern. I tried to speak of the innocent child—of the poor, dead mother; and the shadow of motherhood over my own soul taught me compassion towards both. At last, when Louisa was half angry, I said I would go, for I had a secret reason which she did not know. Thank Heaven, those words were put into my lips!

So we went. My little beauty of a boy was not there; and I had the curiosity to approach the cottage where his grandmother lived. It stood in a garden, with a high hedge around. I heard the child's laugh, and could not forbear peeping through. There was my little favorite, held aloft in the arms of a man, who stood half hidden behind a tree.

"He looks like a gentleman; perhaps it is the wretch of a father!" whispered Louisa. "Sister, we ought to come away." And she walked forward indignantly.

But I still stayed—still looked. Despite my horror of crime, I felt a sort of attraction: it was some sign of grace in the man, that he should at least acknowledge and show kindness to his child. And the miserable mother! I, a happy wife, could have wept to think of her. I wondered, did he think of her, too? He might; for, though the boy laughed and chattered, lavishing on him all those pet diminutives which children make out of the sweet word "father," I did not hear *this* father answer by a single word.

Louisa came to hurry me away. "Hush!" I said: "one moment, and I will go."

The little one had ceased chattering; the father put it down, and came forth from his covert.

Heaven! it was my husband!

I think I should then have fallen down dead, save for one thing—I turned and met my sister's eyes. They were full of horror, indignation, pity. She, too, had seen.

Like lightning there flashed across me all the future: my father's wrath—the world's mockery—his shame.

I said—and I had strength to say it quite calmly—"Louisa, you have guessed our secret; but keep it—promise!"

She looked aghast—confounded.

"You see," I went on, and I actually smiled, "you see, I know all about it, and so does Laurence. It is—a friend's child."

May Heaven forgive me for that lie I told; it was to save my husband's honor.

Day after day, week after week, goes by, and yet I live—live, and living, keep the horrible secret in my soul. It must remain there buried forever, now.

It so chanced, that after that hour I did not see my husband for some weeks. Louisa and I were hastily summoned home. So I had time to think what I had to do.

I knew all now—all the mystery of his fits of gloom—his secret sufferings. It was remorse, perpetual remorse. No marvel! And for a moment my stern heart said, "Let it be so." I, too, was wronged. Why did he marry me, and hide all this? O vile! O cruel! Then the light broke on me: his long struggle against his love—his terror of winning mine. But he did love me: half maddened as I was, I grasped at that. Whatever blackness was on the past, he loved me now—he had sworn it—"more than he ever loved woman."

I was yet young; I knew little of the wickedness of the world; but I had heard of that mad passion of a moment, which may seize on a heart not wholly vile, and afterwards a whole lifetime of remorse works out the expiation. Six years ago! he must have been then a mere boy. If he had thus erred in youth, I, who knew his nature, knew how awful must have been the repentance of his manhood. On any humbled sinner I would have mercy—how much rather must I have mercy on my husband?

I had mercy. Some, stern in virtue, may condemn me; but God knoweth all.

He is—I believe it in my soul—he is a good man now, and striving more and more after good. I will help him—I will save him. Never shall he know that secret, which, out of pride or bitterness, might drive him back from virtue, or make him feel shame before me.

I took my resolution—I fulfilled it. I have met him again, as a faithful wife should meet her husband: no word or look betrays, or shall betray, what I know. All our outward life goes on as before; his tenderness for me is constant—overflowing. But oh! the agony, worse than death, of knowing my idol fallen—that where I once worshipped, I can only pity, weep, and pray.

He told me yesterday he did not feel like the same man that he was before his marriage. He said I was his good angel; that through me he became calmer, happier, every day. It was true: I read the change in his face. Others read it too. Even his aged mother told me, with tears, how much good I had done to Laurence. For this, thank God!

My husband! my husband! At times I could almost think this horror was some delicious dream, cast it all to the winds, and worship him as of old. I do feel as I ought, deep tenderness—compassion. No, no! let me not deceive myself; I love him; in defiance of all I love him, and shall do evermore.

Sometimes his olden sufferings come over him; and then I, knowing the whole truth, feel my very soul moved within me. If he had only told me all; if I could now lay my heart open before him, with all its love and pardon; if he would let me comfort him, and speak of hope, of Heaven's mercy, of atonement, even on earth. But I dare not—I dare not.

Since, from this silence, which he has seen fit to keep, I must not share the struggle, but must stay afar off; then, like the prophet who knelt on the rock, supplicating for Israel in the battle, let my hands fall not, nor my prayer cease, until Heaven sendeth the victory.

Nearer and nearer comes the hour which will be to me one of a double life, or of death. Sometimes, remembering all I have lately suffered, there comes to me a heavy foreboding. What if I, so young, to whom, one little year ago, life seemed an opening paradise—what if I should die—die and leave him, and he never know how deeply I have loved—how much I have forgiven?

Yes; he might know, and bitterly. Should Louisa tell—but I will prevent that.

In my husband's absence, I have sat up half the night writing; that, in case of my death, he may be made acquainted with the whole truth, and hear it from me alone. I have poured out all my suffering, all my tenderness; I have implored him, for the love of Heaven, for the love of me, that he would in every way atone for the past, and lead for the future a righteous life; that his sin may be forgiven, and that, after death, we may meet in joy evermore.

I have been to church with Laurence—for the last time, as I think. We knelt together, and took the sacrament. His face was grave, but peaceful. When we came home, we sat in our beautiful little rose-garden; he, looking so content, even happy; so tender over me—so full of hope for the future. How should this be, if he had on his soul that awful sin? All seemed a delusion of my own creating: I doubted even the evidence of my own senses. I longed to throw myself on his bosom, and tell him all. But then, from some inexplicable cause, the olden cloud came over him; I read in his face, or thought I read, the torturing remorse which at once repelled me from him, and yet drew me again, with a compassion that was almost stronger than love.

I thought I would try to say, in some passing way, words that, should I die, might afterwards comfort him, by telling him how his misery had wrung my heart, and how I did not scorn him, not even for his sin.

"Laurence," I said very softly, "I wish that you and I had known one another all our lives—from the time we were little children."

"Oh! that we had! then I had been a better and a happier man, my Adelaide!" was his answer.

"We will not talk of that. Please God, we may live a long and worthy life together; but if not—"

He looked at me with fear. "What is that you say? Adelaide, you are not going to die? You, whom I love, whom I have made happy, you have no cause to die."

Oh, agony! he thought of the one who had cause—to whose shame and misery death was better than life. Poor wretch! she, too, might have loved him. Down, wife's jealousy! down, woman's pride! It was long, long ago. She is dead; and he—Oh! my husband! may God forgive me according as I pardon you!

I said to him once more, putting my arm round his neck, leaning so that he could only hear, not see me, "Laurence, if I should die, remember how happy we have been, and how dearly we have loved one another. Think of nothing sad or painful; think only that, living or dying, I loved you as I have loved none else in the world. And so, whatever chances, be content."

He seemed afraid to speak more, lest I should be agitated; but, as he kissed me, I felt on my cheek tears—tears that my own eyes, long sealed by misery, had no power to shed.

I have done all I wished to do. I have set my house in order. Now, whichever way God wills the event, I am prepared. Life is not to me what it once was; yet, for Laurence's sake, and for one besides. Ah! now I dimly guess what that poor mother felt, who, dying, left her child to the mercy of the bitter world. But Heaven's will be done. I shall write here no more—perhaps forever.

It is all past and gone. I have been a mother—alas! *have been*; but I never knew it. I woke out of a long blank dream—a delirium of many weeks—to find the blessing had come, and been taken away. ONE only giveth—ONE only taketh. Amen!

For seven days, as they tell me, my babe lay by my side—its tiny hands touched mine—it slept at my breast. But I remember nothing—nothing! I was quite mad all the while. And then—it died—and I have no little face to dream of, no memory of the sweetness that has been: it is all to me as if I had never seen my child.

If I had only had my senses for one day—one hour; if I could but have seen Laurence when they gave him his baby boy. Bitterly he grieves, his mother says, because he has no heir.

My first waking fear was horrible. Had I betrayed anything during my delirium? I think not. Louisa says I lay all the time silent, dull, and did not even notice my husband, though he bent over me like one distracted. Poor Laurence! I see him but little now; they will not suffer me. It is perhaps well: I could not bear his grief and my own too: I might not be able to keep my secret safe.

I went yesterday to look at the tiny mound—all that is left to me of my dream of motherhood. Such a happy dream as it was, too! How it comforted me, many a time! How I used to sit and think of my darling that was to come; to picture it lying in my arms—playing at my feet—growing in beauty—a boy, a youth, a man! And this—this is all—this little grave.

Perhaps I may never have another child. If so, all the deep love which nature teaches, and which nature has even now awakened in my heart, must find no object, and drop and wither away, or be changed into repining. No! please God, that last shall never

be; I will not embitter the blessings I have, by mourning over those denied.

But I must love something, in the way that I would have loved my child. I have lost my babe; some babe may have lost a mother. A thought comes—I shudder—I tremble—yet I follow it. I will pause a little, and then—

In Mr. Shelmerdine's absence, I have accomplished my plan. I have contrived to visit the place where lives that hapless child—my husband's child.

I do believe my love to Laurence must be such as never before was borne to man by woman. It draws me even towards this little one; forgetting all wife-like pride, I seem to yearn over the boy. But is this strange? In my first girlish dreams, many a time I have taken a book he had touched, a flower he had gathered, hid it from my sisters, kissed it and wept over it for days. It was folly; but it only showed how precious I held everything belonging to him. And should I not hold precious what is half himself—his own son?

I will go and see the child to-morrow.

Weeks have passed, and yet I have had no strength to tell what that to-morrow brought. Strange book of human fate! each leaf closed until the appointed time—if we could but turn it, and read. Yet it is best not.

I went to the cottage, alone, of course. I asked the old woman to let me come in and rest, for I was a stranger, weak and tired. She did so kindly, remembering, perhaps, how I had once noticed the boy. He was her grandson, she told me—her daughter's child.

Her daughter! And this old creature was a coarse, rough-spoken woman—a laborer's wife. Laurence Shelmerdine—the elegant, the refined—what madness must have possessed him!

"She died very young, then, your daughter?" I found courage to say.

"Ay, ay; in a few months after the boy's birth. She was but a weakly thing at best, and she had troubles enow."

Quickly came the blood to my heart—to my cheek, in bitter, bitter shame. Not for myself, but for him. I shrank like a guilty thing before that mother's eye. I dared not ask, what I longed to hear, concerning the poor girl and her sad history.

"Is the child like her?" was all I could say, looking to where the little one was playing, at the far end of the garden. I was glad not to see him nearer.

"Was his mother as beautiful as he?"

"Ay, a good-looking lass enough; but the little lad's like his father, who was a gentleman born; though Laurence had better ha' been a ploughman's son. A bad business Bess made of it. To this day I dunnot know her right name, nor little Laurence's there; and so I canna make his father own him. He ought, for the lad's growing up as grand a gentleman as himself: he'll never do to live with poor folk like granny."

"Alas!" I cried, forgetting all but my compassion; "then how will the child bear his lot of shame?"

"Shame!" and the old woman came up fiercely to me. "You'd better mind your own business: my Bess was as good as you."

I trembled violently, but could not speak. The woman went on:

"I dunnot care if I blab it all out, though Bess begged me not. She was a fool, and the young fellow something worse. His father tried—may-be he wished to try, too—but they couldna' undo what had been done. My girl was safe married to him, and the little lad's a gentleman's lawful son."

Oh! joy beyond belief! Oh! bursting, blessed tears! My Laurence! my Laurence!

I have no clear recollection of anything more, save that I suppose the woman thought me mad, and fled out of the cottage. My first consciousness is of finding myself quite alone, with the door open, and a child looking in at me in wonderment, but with a gentleness such as I have seen my husband wear. No marvel I had loved that childish face: it was such as might have been his when he was a boy.

I cried, tremulously, "Laurence! little Laurence!" He came to me, smiling and pleased. One faint struggle I had—forgive me, poor dear girl!—and then I took the child in my arms, and kissed him as though I had been his mother. For thy sake, for thy sake, my husband!

I understood all the past now. The wild, boyish passion, making an ideal out of a poor village girl—the unequal union—the dream fading into common day—coarseness creating repulsion—the sting of one folly which had marred a lifetime—dread of the world, self-reproach and shame—all these excuses I could find; and yet Laurence had acted ill. And when the end came, no wonder that remorse pursued him, for he had broken a girl's heart. She might, she must, have loved him. I wept for her; I, who so passionately loved him, too.

He was wrong, also, grievously wrong, in not acknowledging the child. Yet there might have been reasons. His father ruled with an iron hand; and, then, when he died, Laurence had just known me. Alas! I weave all coverings to hide his fault. But surely this strong, faithful love was implanted in my heart for good. It shall not fail him now; it shall encompass him with arms of peace; it shall stand between him and the bitter past; it shall lead him on to a worthy and happy future.

There is one thing which he must do; I will strengthen him to do it. Yet, when I tell him all, how will he meet it? No matter; I must do right. I have walked through this cloud of mystery; shall my courage fail me now?

He came home, nor knew that I had been away. Something oppressed him; his old grief, perhaps. My beloved! I have a balm even for that, now.

I told him the story, as it were in a parable, not of myself, but of another—a friend I had. His color came and went; his hands trembled in my hold. I hid nothing; I told of the wife's first horrible fear—of her misery—and the red flush mounted to his very brow. I could have fallen at his feet, and prayed forgiveness; but I dared not yet. At last I spoke of the end, still using the feigned names I had used all along.

He said, hoarsely, "Do you think the wife, a good and pure woman, would forgive all this?"

"Forgive! Oh! Laurence, Laurence!" and I clung to him and wept.

A doubt seemed to strike him. "Adelaide, tell me—"

"I have told. Husband, forgive me! I know all, and still I love you—I love you!"

I did not say, *I pardon*. I would not let him think that I felt I had need to pardon.

Laurence sank down at my feet, hid his face on my knees, and wept.

The tale of his youth was as I guessed. He told it me the same night, when we sat in the twilight gloom. I was glad of this; that not even his wife's eyes might scan too closely the pang it cost him to reveal these long-past days. But all the while he spoke, my head was on his breast, that he might feel I held my place there still, and that no error, no grief, no shame, could change my love for him, nor make me doubt his own, which I had won.

My task was accomplished. I rested not, day or night, until the right was done. Why should he fear the world's sneer, when his wife stands by him; his wife, who most of all might be thought to shrink from this confession that must be made? But I have given him comfort—ay, courage. I have urged him to do his duty, which is one with mine.

My husband has acknowledged his first marriage, and taken home his son. His mother, though shocked and bewildered at first, rejoiced when she saw the beautiful boy—worthy to be the heir of the Sheldons. All are happy in the thought. And I—

I go, but always secretly, to the small daisy-mound. My own lost one! my babe, whose face I never saw! If I have no child on earth, I know there is a little angel waiting me in heaven.

Let no one say I am not happy, as happy as one can be in this world: never was any woman more blessed than I am in my husband and my son—*mine*. I took him as such; I will fulfil the pledge while I live.

THE DAY-DREAM.

FROM AN EMIGRANT TO HIS ABSENT WIFE.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[Contributed to the London *Morning Post* in 1802, but now just published for the first time in any collected edition of his works, by his daughter, Sara Coleridge.]

If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light!

But from as sweet a vision did I start
As ever made these eyes grow idly bright!

And though I weep, yet still around my heart
A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger,
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

My mouth half open, like a witless man,
I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;

And o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,
And o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—
I know not what—but had the same been stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss

Her babe, that something more than babe did seem;
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

Across my chest they lay a weight, so warm!

As if some bird had taken shelter there;
And lo! I seemed to see a woman's form;
Thine, Sara, thine? O joy, if thine it were!
I gazed with stifled breath, and feared to stir it,
No deeper trance e'er wrapt a yearning spirit!

And now, when I seemed sure thy face to see,

Thy own dear self in our own quiet home;
There came an elfish laugh, and wakened me:
'T was Frederick, who behind my chair had clomb,
And with his bright eyes at my face was peeping;
I blessed him, tried to laugh, and fell a weeping!

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwell in heaven;
Ye're ow're pure, quo' the voice of God,
For dwelling out of heaven.

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie,
O what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' songs,
And make them mair meet for heaven.

. . . . The other day, our little Laurence did something wrong. He rarely does so; he is his father's own child for gentleness and generosity. But here he was in error; he quarrelled with his Aunt Louisa, and refused to be friends. Louisa was not right either; she does not half love the boy.

I took my son on my lap, and tried to show him the holiness and beauty of returning good for evil; of forgetting unkindness, of pardoning sin. He listened, as he always listens to me. After a while, when his heart was softened, I made him kneel down beside me, saying the prayer, "*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.*"

Little Laurence stole away, repentant and good. I sat thoughtful; I did not notice that behind me had stood my Laurence—my husband. He came and knelt where his boy had knelt. Like a child, he laid his head on my shoulder, and blessed me, in broken words. The sweetest of all were:

"My wife! my wife, who has saved her husband!"

She was beluv'd by a', my lassie,
She was beluv'd by a';
But an angel fell in luv'e wi' her,
An' took her from us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er vent to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise.

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou's left me naught to covet whin',
But took gudeeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face,
Thou seem'd at a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye,
An' a lovelier light i' the brow of heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy an' calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy an' calm,
But gane was the holy breath of heaven,
To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, my lassie,
There's naught but dust now mine;
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'?

About the time of the trial of O'Quigley, who was hanged at Maidstone for treason, in 1798, some articles appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, apparently reflecting on Fox. Dr. Parr read them, and was much displeased. He attributed them to Macintosh (not then Sir James), because they contained some literary criticism or remark which Parr thought he had communicated to Macintosh exclusively; in point of fact, he was wrong, as it turned out in the sequel that Macintosh had nothing to do with them; but while in the state of wrath which his belief that Macintosh was the author occasioned, he (Dr. Parr) and Macintosh dined together at the table of Sir William Milner. In the course of conversation, after dinner, Macintosh observed, that "O'Quigley was one of the greatest villains that ever was hanged." Dr. Parr had been watching for an opening, and immediately said, "No, Jemmy! bad as he was, he might have been a great deal worse. He was an Irishman; he might have been a Scotchman! He was a priest; he might have been a lawyer! He stuck to his principles—(giving a violent rap on the table)—he might have betrayed them!"

From the Morning Chronicle.

MRS. CAROLINE CHISHOLM.*

THE word "philanthropist," in its very best sense and most genuine signification, can be applied to no one, living or dead, with more real justice than to Mrs. Caroline Chisholm. Of the number of persons to whom the character is commonly attributed, how many, however well-meaning, were and are mere theorists and dreamers, seeing impracticable visions and imaginary Oceans and Utopias never to be realized! The strong point, on the contrary, of Mrs. Chisholm's character, over and above her abounding benevolence and her vast energy, is the pervading influence of strong practical common sense. She never imagines anything impossible. All that she plans and schemes she sees her way to, and all she says can be done she actually has done for a long time, in the face of great lukewarmness, and no inconsiderable active opposition. A characteristic point, too, of Mrs. Chisholm's benevolence is that it has always been excited by the social evils she actually saw around her, and the remedies for which she also saw to be within the reach of stern determination and unwearied energy of action. She is none of the maudlin tribe of dealers in distant philanthropy—of civilizers of savages by means of evangelical tracts—or founders of ragged schools for the education of the black boys of Timbuctoo. Such keen satiric arrows as Mr. Dickens is monthly shooting against the race of the Jellybys—with their *quasi* anxiety for African and their neglect of home reform—glance harmlessly by the practical mind and generally effective labors of Mrs. Chisholm, who has provided for, and settled in comfortable Australian homes, thousands and thousands of her poor countrymen and women.

The little volume before us is rather an account of the schemes which Mrs. Chisholm has started, and the incidents and features of their working, than of what is generally understood by memoirs. If the evident earnestness and good-will of the editor had been seconded by a little more literary taste and practice in composition, and if, too, the proceedings of the printer had been more carefully looked over, the *brochure* would have been improved; but the facts and incidents which it relates speak for themselves, and defy all shortcomings of setting forth. Mrs. Chisholm—who appears, even when a child, to have dreamed of emigration—was the daughter of a Northamptonshire yeoman—a stout-hearted, honest man, named Jones. In her twentieth year she married Mr. Chisholm, then an officer in a regiment stationed in India, and two years after their wedding they started to join it. It was at Madras that Mrs. Chisholm began to exercise her practical benevolence, by establishing, on what seems to us an original and excellent principle, a school for the instruction of the soldiers' female children in reading, writing, needlework, cooking, and generally all domestic management. The girls were entirely removed from the contaminating influence of the barracks, and the success of the experiment was complete, the school still existing on the plan of the founder. In 1838, the Chisholms removed, for the benefit of Captain Chisholm's health, to Australia and here again, in the scenes she witnessed in the streets of Sydney—in the numbers of young girls wandering friendlessly about, and, of course,

soon driven by mere want into the debauchery of what we believe was one of the most depraved towns in the world—the practical benevolence of Mrs. Chisholm was again roused. After combating unnumbered difficulties, she here succeeded in establishing an Emigrants' Home, and ultimately an Agency-Office for the procurement of situations. She then estimated that there were 600 young females unprovided for in Sydney. Soon after the opening of the Home its founder received in it, from the ships in harbor, at one time, sixty-four girls, with a united capital of 14s. 1½d. "Twenty-two had no money, several twopence, others fourpence. These girls I sent into the country. The majority are married, and not one lost her character." As the Home prospered, Mrs. Chisholm extended its scope to the procuring of work for shepherds and farm laborers. With the view of forming the necessary connections, she undertook a most extensive series of journeys into the interior, and ultimately succeeded in effecting an extraordinary organization, whereby she was enabled to find a home for almost every applicant. The tact, energy, and ready resource of Mrs. Chisholm in these wild and laborious pilgrimages, are beautiful things to read of. A quick wit and perfect coolness saved her and her *protégées* from many a rebuff, as in the following case:—

On one of her first journeys, she was met by a discontented party of emancipists, shepherds, and shearers of the district, who said, "We believe you are a very good sort of person, Mrs. Chisholm, and have great respect for you; but we cannot allow emigrants here to lower our wages." Her answer was, "I hear you want wives; is that true?" The reply was a universal "Yes." "Then, don't you see, I can't send single girls into a district where there are only bachelors. Let me fix a few married families down on the different stations, and I will send to them decent single lasses that you can marry."

This settled the question; a government officer on the same errand would have been mobbed.

The consequence of these expeditions was that Mrs. Chisholm became really the grand agent for labor, male and female, of the colony. Upon her reports of the characters of the girls and men she recommended, the most implicit faith was always placed. Indeed, her estimate of character seems to have been intuitive, and she possessed a singularly happy faculty of suiting the dispositions of servants to those of masters. The portion of the book giving an account of these arrangements contains perhaps the most interesting pages of the whole. The anecdotes of character and disposition of the idle emigrants, of the conceited emigrants, of the pretty girls who were run after for wives but disliked as servants—all these traits and manifestations of individuality, and of the general social condition of the colony, are full, at once, of significance and amusement. The following story is curiously characteristic:—

Mrs. Chisholm writes: "I had one very beautiful girl: she could read and write well, was of an amiable temper, and willing to take advice; I provided her with a situation; she was returned to me solely on account of her good looks. I was at a loss what to do with her; being afraid to allow her to go out for exercise, I was obliged to limit her outgoings to attendance at church on Sundays. She was the daughter of a lieutenant, who had spent twenty-four years in the service of his country; and he, having a large family and limited means, sent one of his treasures to seek an independent livelihood abroad. Providence pro-

* Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, by Eneas Mackenzie. London: Webb, Millington & Co.

vided for her in an unexpected manner. A very respectable woman, a settler's wife, waited on me for advice; she was one of those sensible, shrewd women, that help to keep a home together. She told me she had five boys and a girl, none of whom could read or write, and that she wanted a teacher.

"My eldest boy, Jack, ma'am," said she, 'is as fine a young man as you would wish to see, only he is too wild; he is past learning; but the others are willing enough.' At this time I had three of these helpless creatures, just referred to, that I wished to provide for; but I told the worthy woman — was so good-tempered, that she would suit her best, if she did not mind her being handsome.

"Has she any bounce about her?"

"None."

"I went into the room with her; as her eye rested on — there was a look of satisfaction, followed directly by one of deep thought and reflection. There was something so intelligent of a deep emotion in her mind flitted across her countenance, that I became curious; she left the room and on returning to the office, said, 'I'll see you again at five o'clock, ma'am; but don't let the girl engage, any how; a thought has come into my head I must think over.' At five she came. 'Now, Mrs. Chisholm, I would like to tell you my plan. Do you see, says I, if any gal would keep a man at home, it would be the creature I saw this morning: now, says I, tho' Jack's not taken to drink, yet he's uncommonly fond of company, and is for going to every horse-race he hears of; and I expect, some time, he'll make a very foolish match, wi' some one more ignorant than he is; yet, ma'am, tho' he can neither read nor write, he's uncommonly 'cute. Now, I think, if I take — home, she'll tempt him to stay at home; and then, when I see he's taken and his heart is touched, I shall call him on one side, bounce a bit, and say, I'll have no fine ladies living wi' me. This opposition will make him more determined; then, in a day or two, I'll cry a bit about it — he's kind-hearted and can't stand that; then he'll come coaxing me, and I'll consent, and talk over the old man; and the clergyman shall settle everything, and it will be a good thing for us all, ma'am.' I consented to arrange with —, who should be ready the next day; she was engaged as a teacher for one year, salary, £16."

The results of Mrs. Chisholm's labors, as stated in her first report of the Home, were as follows:—

Since the establishment of the institution 735 young women have been provided with situations, at wages varying from £10 to £18 a year. Of this number 291 have been distributed in the country districts, of whom only 211 had been in service at home; 108 were orphans who had received their education in charity schools; 394 were Roman Catholics, 107 of whom could read, whilst 81 could read and write; 288 were Protestants of the Established Church; of these 42 could read, and 35 read and write, and 108 were Presbyterians, 85 of whom could read, and 21 read and write; total number of Irish, 516; English, 184; Scotch, 35. So the number of 131 was taken by parties who never before kept servants; 13 have broken their agreements, while 26 employers have broken theirs; 8 have had charges of drunkenness brought against them, 2 of which were proved; 5 were charged with thefts, none of which could be substantiated; 2 were guilty of insolence; 1 obtained a situation by a false character, and 19 were removed from their situations by the secretary; 13 left their places without giving notice; 17 were discharged without notice by their employers, and 2 after eight o'clock in the evening without any charge being proved against their characters; 19 left their places with proper notice, and have not been paid their wages; in Sydney 81 have changed their situations, in the country 11; pecuniary assistance has been afforded

to 47 persons, and 263 have received donations of provisions. The amount of subscriptions received is £156; the expenditure, £154; cash in hand, £2; subscriptions due, £41; debts, none.

It was in the course of her excursions into the bush—where she met with so many cheerless bachelors, thriving, well-to do men, who were naturally longing for the comforts of a family life—that there arose in Mrs. Chisholm's mind the grand idea of family colonization. Hitherto only men had been considered necessary to civilize and settle a young colony. Mrs. Chisholm saw the omission. At the head of numerous bands of emigrant families and young women, she traversed the wilds of Australia for years, making indeed no matches, but leaving the young single women settled in families, where it was probable that they would "soon be wooed and won;" thus putting, in hundreds of cases, an end to what she seriously and rightly calls "a horrible state of bachelorism." After many years of successful labor abroad, Mrs. Chisholm has returned to England, to toil here in the same cause, and, as experience has already proved, with the same effect. With her works, both literary and practical, undertaken since her return the public are well acquainted. She has written the most valuable books we possess on Australian emigration. She has enlightened parliamentary committees and altered the counsel of colonial ministers, and she is at the present moment in the height of her most useful practical exertions, organizing her family groups and sending out happy households to make the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose.

From the Spectator.

POST-OFFICE STATISTICS.

THE post-office return for the year 1851 furnishes, like its predecessors, matter worthy of careful consideration.

The number of letters was 360½ millions; being nearly five times as many as the post-office carried prior to the institution of penny postage, excluding from this computation the franks, which, while they existed, were in the proportion of about 1 to 12 of the chargeable letters.

The increase in the year 1851 was 13½ millions; and, judging from the first three months of the current year, which are also given in the present return, the prosperity of the post-office will not only be maintained, but steadily augmented; though Mr. Disraeli very reasonably made an estimated allowance for a deficit on 1852 as compared with 1851, in consideration of the correspondence to be ascribed to the Great Exhibition. It would be difficult, we think, to find any hypothesis to account for the rapid and steady progress of postal communication which should discard either of two important data—augmented prosperity, and improved education, both widely diffused throughout the empire.

Penny postage has now been twelve years in operation, and the habits of the people have long ago accommodated themselves to the new order of things. The increase of the latter years must therefore be attributed to other causes than the gradual relaxation of the disposition to economy in postage, so closely impressed on the mind by the former exorbitant rates.

The inferences which we have drawn from the increase of letters will be supported by the return contained in the same paper of the progress of the

money-order system. In 1840, the commission on money-orders was reduced from 6*d.* to 3*d.* for the transmission of any sum not exceeding 2*l.*, and from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 6*d.* for sums between 2*l.* and 5*l.* The number of orders for the year before that in which the reduction in price took place was under 200,000. In 1851 it was more than 4½ millions. The money transmitted by virtue of these orders had risen from 311,000*l.* to 8,876,000*l.*; and it is worthy of remark, that the rise has been so steady that each year has shown an advance over its predecessor in the amount of money thus transmitted; the fluctuations of commerce not having been sufficient to disturb even for a single year this onward movement.

Thus far the tables present no conclusions but what may be readily referred to satisfactory causes. They, however, disclose other results, which are not quite so easily explained.

By the census of 1841, the population of Scotland was found to be 2,600,000, and the population of Ireland 8,175,000. In the census of 1851, Scotland stands at 2,800,000, and Ireland at 6,500,000; thus, while Scotland has gained two hundred thousand people, Ireland has lost a million and a half. Ireland, however, has maintained its relative position to Scotland both as regards letters and money-orders. In 1841, the number of Scotch letters was 21,234,772; the number of Irish letters being 20,794,297; in 1851, the numbers were respectively 36,512,649 and 35,982,782. As to money-orders, the comparison stands thus—in 1841, Scotland, 51,526; Ireland, 53,507; in 1851, Scotland, 389,680; Ireland, 392,848.

Thus, ten years ago, as measured by these tables, two millions six hundred thousand Scots were equal to eight millions of Irish; while now two millions eight hundred thousand Scots are no more than equal to six millions and a half of Irish. Pat, however, must not begin to boast as yet. One Scot in seven takes out a money-order in the course of the year, but that feat is performed by only one Irishman in sixteen. Moreover, the Irish orders, though more numerous than the Scotch, amounted in money to 653,000*l.*, only; while the Scotch orders amounted to 709,000*l.*; so that Sawney beats Pat in the magnitude of each transaction.

But how is the preservation of equality in relative position to be explained? Thus, as we think. The increase in letters and money-orders in both Scotland and Ireland shows a course of improvement—in Scotland, because the rate of increase is far beyond the ratio of augmented population—in Ireland, because we find an increase even with a falling population. That the respective rates of improvement in the two countries should exactly maintain them in the same relative position, must, however, be matter of accident. Again, the rate of improvement must even now be more rapid in Scotland than in Ireland. For suppose it the same in each nation—suppose it such that each Irishman and each Scotchman were to write one more letter every year than in the year before—this rate of increase would give an addition of six millions and a half of letters to Ireland, while Scotland would gain little more than two millions and a half. It is clear, therefore, that if Scotland had not improved more than twice as fast as Ireland, she must have lost the race.

It would be difficult to point out any one of our institutions the working of which can be contemplated with such unalloyed satisfaction as that of our system of money-orders. It is a boon to the people which seems almost incapable of being abused.

Sending money to a distance is in the great majority of cases of the nature of a sacrifice by the sender. He denies himself some immediate indulgence in order to pay his debts, to transmit money to his wife and children, to contribute to the comfort of his aged parents, or to give aid to those who have claims upon him as friends, relatives, or objects of charity. We hail, therefore, the steady and rapid increase of money-orders as one of the best signs of our day, and we trust that no effort will be spared to stimulate the further progress of the system. As promising to give facility to the application of such a stimulus, we rejoice to observe that the money-order office is yielding a handsome and increasing profit.

Three or four years ago, it produced an annual loss of 10,000*l.*; but the system having been revised and simplified, it gave a profit of 3000*l.* for the year 1850, and 7000*l.* for 1851. It would be doubtlessly over-sanguine to expect it every year to furnish an additional 4000*l.* of profit; but, be that as it may, we hope it is not too much to anticipate that the time is not far distant when the commission on very small sums may admit of still further reduction.

If a laborer or domestic servant, who has gone to a distance in search of employment, has 5*s.* which he or she has the power either to spend on selfish gratifications or send home, the less the sacrifice the performance of this duty calls for, the more likely is the money to find its right destination.

Under the old plan of transmitting money through the post-office, which was in operation until within the last twenty years, nearly the whole of such a sum of 5*s.* would have been absorbed by postal charges. And the consequence of this state of things was, that the honest and conscientious laborer was almost shut out from any labor-market at a distance from his home.

We had occasion lately, in our review of Mr. Cornewall Lewis' Treatise on Observation and Reasoning in Politics, and our notice of the Blue-book containing the Minutes of the Committee of Council of Education, to urge the necessity for an extended ramification of the means for obtaining accurate knowledge of the daily working of our manifold social and political institutions, as the only true foundation for structural improvements. Why have we not an annual report of the state of the post-office? Why is our information respecting this most interesting department to be limited to four pages of figures? The genius of Rowland Hill has infused a new vigor into the postal system of the whole world; let him year by year build a monument to his fame, which shall not be a mere idle mausoleum, but a useful edifice, adding not only to his reputation but to his desert.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

VICTOR HUGO'S PAMPHLET.

VICTOR HUGO'S brochure on "Napoleon the Little," circulates secretly in France. It is written with admirable vigor and vivacity. Here are one or two extracts:—

The men who, in their character of representatives, had received in trust for the people the oath of December 20, 1848, and who beheld its violation, had with their mandate assumed two duties; the first, whenever that oath should be violated, to rise up to oppose their breasts to the bullets of the usurper, regarding neither the number nor the strength of the enemy; to shield with their bodies the sovereignty of the people,

and with the resolve to combat and depose the usurper, to seize every arm, from the laws that may be found in the code, to the paving stones upturn in the streets.

The second duty was, after having accepted the combat and all its hazards, to accept proscription with all its miseries; to stand up forever in the face of the traitor, his *oath* in their hands to cry for justice; never to bend, never to relent; to be implacable; to seize the crowned perjurer, if not by the arm of the law, by the grasp of truth; to burn red in the blaze of history the word of his oath, and to brand with those burning words his brow. The writer of these lines is one of those who recoiled from no endeavor to accomplish the first of these duties: in writing these pages he fulfils the second. It is time to reawaken the conscience of men. Since the 2d December, 1851, a successful ambush, an odious and disgraceful crime, triumphs and dominates, rises to the height of a theory of government, expands in the face of the sun, makes laws, renders decrees, takes society, religion, and domestic virtues under its protection; gives the hand to the potentates of Europe, calling them "brother, or cousin." This crime no man denies, not even the men who won, and who live by it, and who only say, "it was a necessary act;" not even the chief malefactor; he only says that he has been "absolved." This crime includes all other crimes; treason in the conception—perjury in the execution—murder and assassination in the assault—spoliation, swindling, robbery in the triumph. This crime bears within its bosom, as integral parts of itself, the suppression of law, the violation of constitutionally inviolable guaranties, arbitrary sequestration, confiscation of property, nocturnal massacres, secret butcheries, "commissions" replacing tribunals, ten thousand citizens transported, forty thousand citizens proscribed, sixty thousand families ruined and driven to despair. These facts are patent! Ah! well, painful as it may be to confess, the assent of silence follows the crime; it is there, present, visible, sensible to the sight and touch; men let it pass, they go to their business; the shops are open, the exchange gambles; trade, sitting on its bales, rubs its hands contentedly, and we are approaching the time when all will be treated as a matter of course! The man who sells a yard of cloth does not hear the very measure he holds in his hand say, "It is a false measure that rules." The dealer who weighs an article of commerce hears not the balance lift its voice and say, "It is a false weight that governs."

Singular order is this, having disorder for its basis, in the negation of all rights, its stability founded on iniquity. In these days let every man who wears a scarf, a robe, or a uniform, let all who serve that man know well, that when they deem themselves the agents of a power, they are but the comrades of a pirate. Since the 2d of December there are no more functionaries in France—there are only accomplices. The moment has come for every man to declare what he has done, and what he is still doing. The gendarmes that arrested the citizens whom the man of Strasbourg and Boulogne calls insurgents, arrested the guardians of the Constitution; the judge who tried the combatants of Paris and the provinces, set in the dock the upholders of the law. The gaoler, who turned the dungeon-bolt upon the condemned prisoners, held in durance the defenders of the republic and of the state. The African general, who imprisons at Lambessa the transported victims sinking under the burning heat, shuddering with fever, digging furrows which will be their graves—that general, I say, robs, tortures, murders men with whom is the right. All—generals, officers, gendarmes, judges—all are guilty of a heinous crime; they are the persecutors—I do not say of innocent men, but of heroes—not of victims, but of martyrs! The present aspect of things, seemingly calm, is really troubled. Let none be mistaken; when public morality is eclipsed, a dreadful

shadow creeps over the whole order of society; every guaranty is lost—all protection vanishes.

Henceforth there exists no longer in France a tribunal, a court, a judge, that dare administer justice or pronounce a sentence upon any man, in any matter. Drag before the assizes what criminal you will—the thief will say to the judge, "The Chief of the State stole twenty-five millions out of the Bank;" the false witness will say to the judge, "The Chief of the State swore an oath before God and man, and that oath he broke;" the man accused of arbitrary sequestration will say, "The Chief of the State arrested and imprisoned, in spite of every law, the representatives of the sovereign people;" the swindler will say, "The Chief of the State swindled his mandate, swindled his power, swindled the Tuilleries;" the forger will say, "The Chief of the State falsified the suffrage;" the footpad will say, "The Chief of the State plundered, like a cut-purse, the Princes of the house of Orleans;" the murderer will say, "The Chief of the State mowed down by grape and musket shot, sabred, and bayoneted the passers-by in the open street;" and all alike, and with one voice, swindler, forger, false witness, footpad, burglar, assassin, will cry, "And you, judges, you went to salute that man, you went to praise him for his perjury, to compliment him for having so adroitly forged, to glorify him for having swindled, to congratulate him for having robbed, and to thank him for having murdered."

This brochure circulates clandestinely. Thousands of copies have been sold, and create a prodigious sensation. Public opinion is deeply moved. Every effort is made to introduce it into the provinces, especially the rural districts. The latest *ordonnance* against hawkers of pamphlets was specially directed against this terrible denunciation. One may conceive how the government dreads its power.

From the Spectator.

LISTENING FOR THE FIRST GUN.

Two Englishmen are standing high up amid the fortifications that strengthen the rock of Gibraltar, outpost of England; one of the two an officer in her majesty's service. Suddenly the sound of guns is heard in the direction of Africa. What does it mean! Has France made her threatened demonstration, on her present principle of warring on the downcast; and has England interposed! The garrison speculates in vain. By this time, indeed, we know that it was *not* a collision between the navies of France and England; but the incident shows how uncertain is the feeling, amongst those who are best informed, as to the duration of peace.

The Pope and the spiritual myrmidons of the Ultramontane party, to which Pius the Ninth has not always belonged, are making unquestionable strides towards a renewed and extended power. They are profiting by the shake which royal power had in 1848. He has played off his allies, says the *Times*, against each other, so well, that although his temporal authority is maintained in his own dominions by French and Austrian arms, he has extracted enormous concessions from both powers. The Jesuits are again establishing themselves in France; education is restored to the custody of the clergy; and Louis Napoleon is the tool of the Roman Church—for a consideration. Prussia quails. In comparatively liberal countries the force of the aggressive power is felt; in Belgium it has upset a Liberal and National Ministry; in Tuscany it has not only shaken the Bal-dasseroni administration, but has abolished the

Leopoldine laws, the truly great code of the state; in Sardinia, the clergy mutiny against king and parliament, and threaten an overthrow of the constitution. Such is the progress of the alliance which the *Times* depicts between the two great rogues of Europe, Ultramontanism and Counter-revolutionary Despotism.

And what is the feeling towards England abroad? Dislike amongst her opponents, distrust amongst her natural allies. In her nearest neighbor the hatred is intense. It does not always appear; there is officially an "entente cordiale," but, meet them where you may, Frenchmen admit the national antipathy. In Italy, in Germany, in Spain, the travelling Gaul will confess, often to some exceptional English friend of the highway, more freely if that friend be not English, but rather Scotch or Irish. There are, indeed, races that would stand by us to the last, from sympathy with our constitutional regard for liberty. But peoples of such kind, like the Sicilians or Schleswig-Holsteiners, are still pondering, in doubt and gloom, the causes of that lukewarm and treacherous support from England which handed them over to Absolute masters, after stripping them of their old constitutional rights.

Such is the feeling towards us on the Continent, when distant cannon-sounds at Gibraltar set men speculating on the point at which war, possibly, has broken out. But it is not only at the portal of the Mediterranean that our trusty servants know the precarious condition of "the thirty years' peace," now "rising forty years;" our ships sail under secret orders. And it may be said that the seal has virtually been torn open in one unlucky quarter, by American diplomacy, ever rough and frank.

[We omit the remarks on the special dispute.—*Liv. Age.*]

The greatest "friend to peace" cannot expect that the thirty or forty years' armistice should last forever; and when it does cease, the important question for us will be, how the contending interests shall be distributed? Many combinations might be feared or desired, but in one all others would be merged; if England and America should happen to be on the same side, they might defy the world. How lamentable, then, if we should be divided by a mackerel, or by a misconception on the subject of cod!

From the *Times*, 13th August.

THE FRENCH WEARY.

From the first announcement of the *coup d'état* to the present time we have watched with painful interest for some indication of the feelings and opinions which lie beneath the surface of French society. We have seen liberty trampled under foot, the best and ablest citizens banished, private property confiscated, the press silenced, the independence of the seats of learning and the bench of justice destroyed, and have been unable to detect the slightest symptom of dissatisfaction or repining in the conduct of a nation which has made in the last sixty years more sacrifices for freedom than any people in the world. Thousands of victims are now gasping out the last breath of a miserable existence in the pestilential swamps of Cayenne; but France has forgotten the victims. Her statesmen are proscribed and her generals banished, but France cares neither for statesmen nor gen-

erals. The Jesuit usurps the chair of the philosopher; but France has learnt to be patient even of the Jesuits, once the objects of her most cherished aversion. The tawdry and unmeaning displays of military pomp, a column wound round with a spiral train of fire-works, a few pasteboard eagles, and a few bloodless banners, are enough to divert the attention of this enlightened nation from the regrets of the past, the disgrace of the present, or the gloom of the future. The refusal of some blunt soldier to take the oath of allegiance, or the dignified withdrawal of some notability of the days when France had statesmen from the disgrace of official rank or the compromising distinction of elective duty, have served alone to break the long and mournful calm which has succeeded the struggles and tumults of parliamentary government. A stone may here and there have been thrown into the waters, but the general surface of the lake has remained unruffled. A despotism more absolute than that of Louis XIV. or Napoleon has been established, and France is without a protest, a menace, or even a complaint. The nation has created, on the ruins of its old institutions, a mechanism of absolute government, under which it has itself been crushed, and a child might almost wield the powers which have silenced the voice and paralyzed the energy of the gayest, most martial, and most turbulent race in Europe.

At length, however, a small cloud has risen out of the sea, and a symptom that all is not well has made itself unmistakably manifest. There have been no complaints, no tumults; the president has nothing to do but to show himself, to be met with the same joyous acclamations as have never failed to salute his strangely varied predecessors, from Robespierre to Lamartine, and from Marrast to Cavaignac. Had Louis Napoleon been content with such servility as is within the ordinary resources of human nature, he would probably have had nothing to complain of; but he has demanded of the French nation a degree of complaisance which transcends even their powers of endurance, and their patience has given way under the trial. Not content with absolute domination, built on the firm basis of military support, Louis Napoleon could not be contented without calling on the French people periodically to contribute their own sanction to their own degradation. Armed with all powers—executive, judicial, and legislative—the president cannot be content, without the assistance of elective bodies to throw an air of popularity over his barefaced usurpation. To these bodies he allows no sort of power when elected, and over their election he exercises the most jealous and vexatious interference. The chamber or council may deliberate, but their deliberations must end in the manner prescribed by the government. The electors may exercise their franchise, but their choice must fall on the government candidate. It was not enough to enslave the nation, unless that nation could be persuaded to become his accomplice, and to veil its subservieny under the hollow and unreal semblance of liberty.

On this point the system of the president seems likely to break down. The people do not resist, but they will not vote; election after election is annulled for want of the legal number of suffrages. The results of an election are not worth, to the voter, the trouble of giving his vote. The representative whom he returns can do him neither

good nor harm, and the right even of testifying his opinion by a free choice is refused to him. The electors are invited to vote, in order that the government may nominate; and the representatives to meet, in order that the government may decide. The nation is naturally weary of taking part in this solemn farce, and feels that the form of free institutions has entirely survived the substance. Universal suffrage and vote by ballot, those idols of our theoretical reformers, are at a discount in France. They have not saved her liberties, and they now refuse any longer to conceal her servitude. The statesmen of France are either proscribed, or have refused to be candidates, and no one seems to care who is elected in their place. In vain is the eloquence of the prefect exerted to point out to the people the invaluable privileges which they are renouncing and the public duty they are violating. The people refuse to degrade the memory of freedom by mocking her ceremonies, and leave to the government, which has deprived them of her liberties, the undisturbed choice of its councillors and its instruments. Baal was not more deaf to the cries of his priests than are the French electors to the voice which summons them to activity.

This state of things may not be immediately perilous, but is fraught with future danger. There is no more fertile cause of revolution than a contempt of the institutions under which we live. The government can still command obedience, but has lost the active support of the masses. Hitherto it has only been the honorable distinction of literary, political, and scientific eminence to stand aloof from it. Now the same disposition is shown by masses of men into which the feelings of political rivalry and disappointed ambition cannot enter. The prestige of the first success is gone, and with it has departed all desire to recur to that machinery of freedom which has been permitted to survive freedom itself. Henceforth Louis Napoleon must be content to forego even the semblance of support derived from popular election. It might have been worth while for one so strong in sabres and bayonets to have left to his people so much freedom of choice, and to their representatives so much liberty of action, as would have kept up the interest of an election without seriously diminishing the influence of the central power; but this moderate course was spurned by the head of a military revolution. His motto seems to be "nothing for the people, and everything by the people." This system of making the nation work out its own dishonor by its own prostituted vote, it has at least had the self-respect to refuse, and by so doing has placed an impassable gulf between it and the government. This comes of expecting shams to do the work of realities, and forgetting that human nature can rarely be stirred up to action except by honor, pleasure, or profit, none of which are to be found in the proceedings or results of a modern French election.

From the Spectator, 31st July.

THE REPUDIATING STATES OF AMERICA.

Birmingham, 24th July, 1852.

SIR—I take the liberty of submitting to you a query, which, now that the Derby sitting is well nigh over, you may perhaps have leisure to answer. Venturing, the other day, to assert that the State of Pennsylvania ranked amongst the repudiators,

I was roundly contradicted; and the present price of the "Pennsylvania Bonds" was referred to in proof of my error. My opponent offered a bet on the subject—a common form of logic in the Midland provinces, which, as I had less inclination to win his money than he had to win mine, I did not choose to take. I never held any of the Bonds in question, and my attention had not been particularly given to the fact, but I had seen it made on many occasions the subject of newspaper remark; and I had a very distinct impression of a singularly severe and admirably reasoned letter of the late Sydney Smith, in which the act of repudiation was denounced. Have I been deceived all this time! Was Peter Plymley, who seems to have had such excellent reasons for being convinced, also deceived? The Pennsylvanians, I have hitherto understood, issued certain bonds or debentures, or something of that sort, to make certain canals or roads, or railways, I forget which; and, the profits of the State speculation not sufficing to pay the interest, its Legislature deliberately refused to impose the taxes necessary for that purpose. Have the repudiators repented of their ways, and is the present price of the Bonds the consequence? or were Bonds, so called at present, issued for some other consideration? The people of Mississippi had, I believe, some sleeveless excuse for their conduct; but I have hitherto believed that the Quakers of the city of brotherly love did what they did out of pure love of the doing—pressed by no necessity, and seeking excuse in no form of argument. Will you, sir, who know so many things, and so accurately, set me right if I am wrong, or corroborate my faith if I am not?

I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

R. K. D.

[Pennsylvania never repudiated any of her obligations. She contracted a debt of 40,000,000 dollars, chiefly for public works; and during the financial disasters of 1842, while many of those works were still unfinished, she suspended. On no occasion, however, did she attempt to deny her liability; and in 1845 she resumed payment, and issued Bonds for the dividends which had fallen into arrears. These new Bonds were to bear 6 per cent. interest, and she subsequently behaved badly by reducing the rate to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; but with this exception, which was comparatively unimportant as far as regards the sum affected, the only ground of reproach against her is such as would attach to an individual who had suddenly been brought to a stand from a career of improvidence, in which he had been assisted by the eagerness of lenders, and who, after two or three years' delay, during which he had exhibited a rather discreditable tenderness in avoiding sacrifices, had paid everybody in full. The repudiating States of America are Mississippi, Michigan, Florida, and Arkansas; and it is to be regretted that, after the way in which she has recovered herself, Pennsylvania should be assailed with the charge, since the effect of it is not only to divert attention from the real delinquents, but also to deprive them of one inducement to a more honest course, by extinguishing the belief that justice would then be done to them. When Sydney Smith designated the people of Pennsylvania as repudiators, reports were rife of many dishonest speeches and propositions which were uttered and brought forward by individuals in the State Legislature; but none of the propositions were ever adopted, and the State therefore is not to be held responsible for them.—Ed.]

[illegible]